- Molly Ivins on I.F. Stone
- Taylor Branch on Tom Hayden
- Michael Dukakis: The Iceman Cometh

The Washington Monthly

MAY 1988/$3.00

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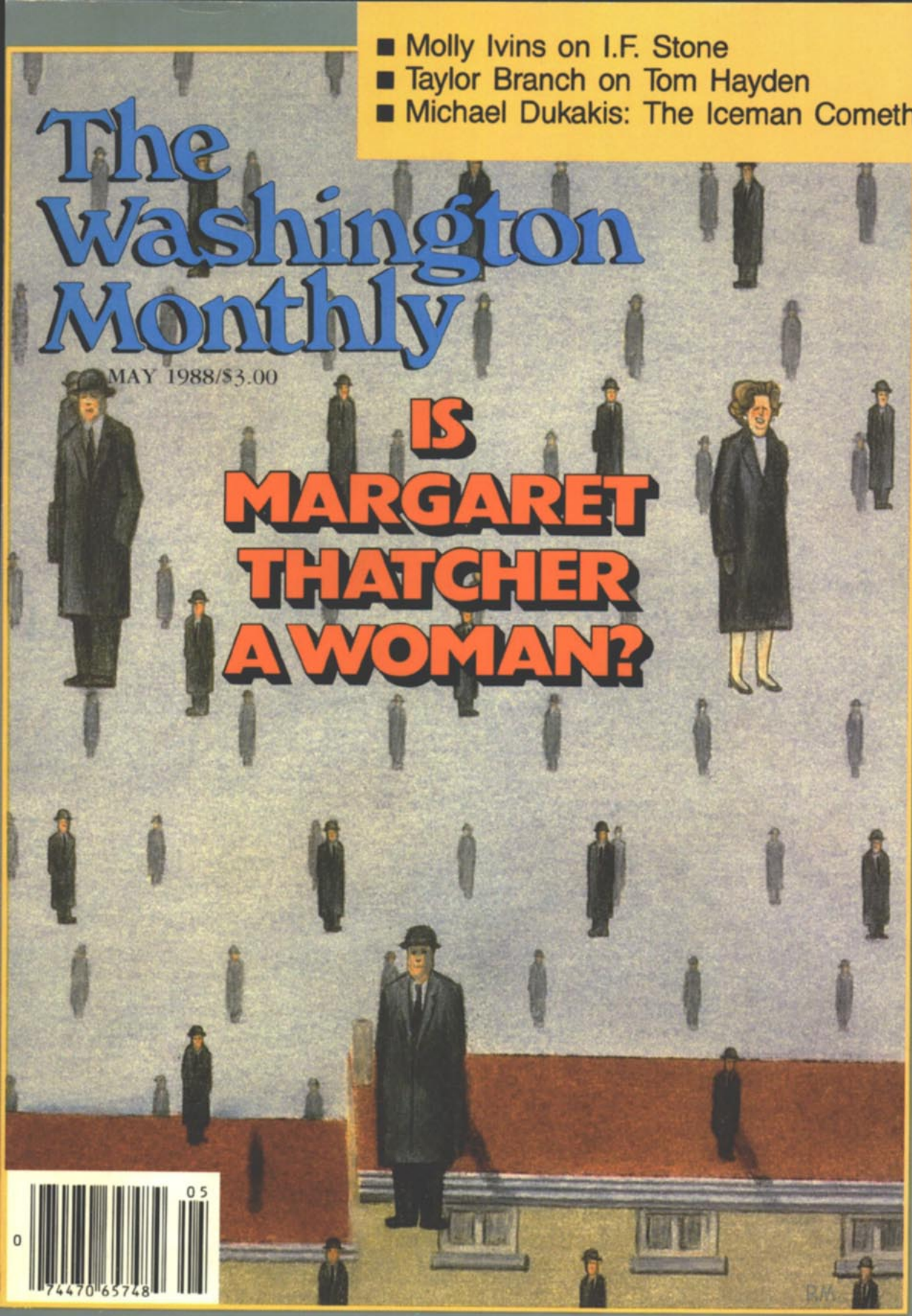

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LETTERS

Power to us

I read your magazine *The Washington Monthly* December issue, about Slum Behind the Sheraton, woman with 2,000 eggs in living room. It's my honor that my life was published and be a famous in United States. I hope that your readers liked it very much what I am, and what I did. Thanks to my good friend writer, Jason DeParle for having a chance to wrote about me and my activities.

Again thank you very much and more power to your magazine.

TITA P. COMODAZ
Manila, Philippines

Tita Comodaz was the subject of the December article "The Slum Behind the Sheraton" by Jason DeParle.

Kuttner and Peters: both wrong

It's heartening to find that amid the turmoil of politics, at least one thing doesn't change: the *Monthly*'s feud with Robert Kuttner over entitlements. Kuttner's recent letter ["Means tests are for meanies," April] restates the familiar argument that the only politically feasible way to provide for the poor is to distribute benefits to the "working class and nonwealthy middle class" regardless of need. You can't base a winning coalition on "pure redistribution;" bland appeals to our social conscience need the seasoning of self-interest to pique the voters' palates.

As much as I enjoy a good fight, may I suggest that Kuttner and Peters return to their respective corners? There is an approach to the problem that can satisfy both pragmatic populists and idealistic neoliberals. It is to recast the issue of "entitlements," "conservative perquisites," and "benefits" as a question of social *insurance*. Unemployment, illness, disability, and homelessness are, as Suzannah Lessard points out ["Lewis Lapham's Lament," April], misfortunes that can befall even members of the middle class. But insurance against these catastrophes is not an "entitlement." My auto insurance company doesn't pay my premiums to previous policyholders as lump-sum benefits. It distributes its payments only to those who suffer auto accidents. Yet policyholders seldom complain about "redistribution" from lucky drivers to unlucky victims, nor do I accuse my adjustor of applying a degrading means test when he demands receipts from the repair shop. Why can't Social Security, AFDC, Medicare, Medicaid, and unemployment benefits be seen in the same light?

Redefining entitlements as social insurance, of course, will require time, skill, and creative political leadership. It will not be nearly as easy as Kuttner's politics as usual. But it does offer the opportunity for a pragmatic program of comprehensive social support. And this kind of redefinition may be the only practical way to avoid redistributing benefits and tax burdens between generations under the guise of "building community and social solidarity." What about it, Peters and Kuttner? Do we really need to sound the bell for another round?

DAVID J. ZIMNY
Lansing, Michigan

Charles Peters replies:

Whenever I spell out my views on this issue, I explain that we should combine all income maintenance programs into one program of insurance against need—with a work requirement for those under 65.

Tutu's airline

Thank you for the free advertising we received in your March edition ["Tidbits and Outrages"].

We do have nonsmoking, aisle, as well as colored flight attendants. Just for the record, we are apolitical and will carry any passenger who is in possession of a valid ticket and visa. It may interest you to know that Bishop Tutu and the Reverend Boesak frequently fly on the International Services of South African Airways because they too, like so many Americans who write testimonials about our service, like to be cossetted in comfort.

B. VAN DER MERWE
New York, New York

Mr. van der Merwe is a general manager for South African Airways.

Defending the ACLU

Paul Glastris ["And One That Could Be But Isn't," March] lodges some legitimate criticisms of ACLU positions in a handful of particular cases he selected, but his overall assessment of the ACLU is misleading to a degree that borders on dishonesty.

He begins by spending nearly three pages attacking ACLU Policy #270, which opposes "present and previous systems of airport searches." He points out, correctly I believe, that the metal detectors through which we all have passed for years are only minimally intrusive, if intrusive at all, and he ridicules the ACLU for making such a fuss about them.

Reading Glastris's long diatribe, you might think that active opposition to airport metal detectors occupies a major portion of the ACLU workload. In fact, the policy has been dormant for years.

Policy #270 was passed by the national ACLU board in 1973, at a time when airport searches were, in some places, still highly discriminatory, singling out blacks, people with long hair, etc. for intrusive searches. To our knowledge, that doesn't happen much anymore, if at all. As a result, the ACLU has *not* been making

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a fuss about airport metal detectors. Responsible reporting ought at least to have noted when the policy was passed and told the reader how often it has been invoked since.

In fact, I have been the executive director of the ACLU for a decade and never once in that time has the ACLU challenged airport metal detectors in court or even issued a single public statement opposing them.

Testing people's urine (which in order to be reliable requires someone to watch) is very intrusive, as airport metal detectors are not. It is a real search, and no one ought to be subjected to it without cause. Mr. Glastris disagrees.

As his key piece of evidence, he cites the Conrail/Amtrak crash on January 4, 1987, which resulted in 16 deaths and 174 injuries. Testing *everyone*'s urine without cause would have avoided that crash, he asserts. But as a *New York Times* article reported on January 15, 1987, the engineer had previously been convicted eight times for speeding and had just been arrested by the Baltimore police for drunk driving and running a stop sign. They didn't need a urine test to identify this particular engineer as a problem, and they certainly didn't need to subject innocent people to this intrusive procedure.

Glastris also fails to mention that urine testing cannot determine impairment or intoxication. Putting an airline pilot on a simulator a half hour before flight would test for impairment. Testing his urine would not.

It seems that Mr. Glastris wasn't trying to analyze complex social policy issues. He was trying to suggest that the ACLU supports the right to die in plane crashes and train wrecks. To accomplish this, he had to oversimplify some facts and ignore others, a task for which he is apparently well suited.

IRA GLASSER
New York, New York

Mr. Glasser is the executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

Paul Glastris makes many allegations that are best answered by the ACLU. However, I must take him to task when he states that "the airline industy is also plagued [by drugs and alcohol]. While there have been no big commercial air carrier accidents attributable to drugs and alcohol, there are risks to the Americans who take 418 million plane trips each year." He then goes on to state that alcohol was a contributing factor in 10.5 percent of *general aviation* accidents [emphasis added].

Was it ignorance or sophistry that led him to equate commercial pilots (where there has been no demonstrated use or abuse of drugs involved in any accident) with the amateur private pilot, general aviation group which has demonstrated post-mortem test results of 10.5 percent as a causative factor? His lack of candor is again revealed by the statement: "There have been no *big* commercial aviation accidents," etc. There have been no commercial accidents, period. Not, as he tries to imply, some or any *small* ones, involving the use of drugs or alcohol.

The Washington Monthly

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HOW TO CARE FOR THE NEW BASE COAT/CLEAR COAT FINISH ON YOUR CAR.

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Base coat/clear coat painting is a better way to paint cars. Instead of the old single layer of lacquer or enamel color coat, General Motors now uses two layers of paint on most of our models. The base layer contains the pigment or color, and the top layer is a clear coat of acrylic polymer to bring out the brilliance of the color and give a glossy, mirror-like finish.

The principle is like that of a mirror: the clear coat functions like the glass.

With single coat finishes, the color is exposed to the atmosphere, so sun, water, wind and dirt can cause deterioration. With base coat/clear coat paint, the color is not exposed to the atmosphere, so the desirable characteristics of the finish last longer.

Base coat/clear coat finishes require less maintenance, but they, like all paints, are susceptible to abrasives, which will scratch the finish or give it a hazy appearance, reducing both its gloss and imaging (mirror-like) qualities.

Wash any base coat/clear coat finish with gentle, non-abrasive cleaners, rinsing away all loose dirt with plenty of water before sponging on the soapy solution.

Rinse the cloth or sponge or change it frequently to avoid scratching the finish with dirt or grit. If you use a commercial tar or bug remover, read the instructions carefully, then try it out on an inconspicuous area first.

If you use a commercial car wash, look for one that uses a soft scrub system. A few car wash systems employ harsh brushes, which may scratch the clear coat finish.

Base coat/clear coat paint need not be polished as often as a lacquer or enamel to remove the grime and effects of weathering. When you do polish it (once or twice a year), use a mild cleaning wax, not an abrasive. Polish gently, by hand.

Avoid mechanical polishing or sanding of the surface.

Don't use a scrub brush on the paint or on the wheels, if they're aluminum mag wheels with clear coat paint on them.

You can help maintain the finish on your car by parking and driving wisely. Try not to park under trees, where bird droppings or sap, which contain compounds that can injure the finish, may fall onto your car. Try to park upwind from industrial areas. If you get cement dust or fly ash on your car from any fire or smokestack, rinse it off immediately.

When you drive, go easy on the gas pedal to keep stones from flying up and chipping the paint during quick starts. When traveling on dirt or gravel roads, put some extra distance between you and the car ahead to avoid running into stones thrown into the air by that car's tires.

If you get a scratch or chip in the finish, and it's a deep one, you should probably seek expert repair advice on how to keep it looking good and to avoid exposing bare metal to the elements. If the scratch is small, auto supply stores and GM dealers offer two-step touch-up paints to repair the underlying color coat and the clear coat finish.

General Motors has made this better finish standard for all colors on most models of cars and trucks. Consult your owner's manual or ask your dealer whether your car has base coat/clear coat paint.

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I hasten to say that, as a commercial pilot for a major carrier, I am horrified by the thought of some drunk Cessna pilot intruding in my airspace. But the sad, and true, fact is that the planned drug testing of which Mr. Glastris so approves will not apply to the amateur (and possibly drunken) pilot; only to the professional pilot—where no use or abuse has ever been demonstrated as a factor in any accident or incident.

JOCK SAVAGE
Burlingame, California

Mr. Savage is the editor of Bayliner, *published by the Air Line Pilots Association.*

Paul Glastris replies:

If Mr. Glasser agrees with my criticisms of ACLU policy #270, then why leave it "dormant?" Why not just get rid of the policy? When I interviewed ACLU associate director Alan Reitman, he said that a couple of years ago the Union conducted a policy review of "warrantless searches," of which airport metal detectors are a classic example. That review gave the ACLU the perfect opportunity to drop the policy, but they chose not to.

Mr. Glasser argues that drug testing based on "reasonable cause" is sufficient, pointing out that the train engineer's supervisors could have known, or did know, of his drug problem. What his example really proves is that reasonable cause testing often fails because supervisors purposely overlook their employees' drinking and drug problems. That's why random drug testing (performed by technicians who don't work with the employees) is such a good idea.

Mr. Glasser correctly points out that drug tests can't measure when a person indulged, or how his coordination has been affected—although these things can be inferred from the tests. That, I'm afraid, is a weakness of drug tests we'll have to live with if we want to save lives. Dexterity tests can be a help but lack the deterrent value of urine tests. Substance abusers think they can pass dexterity tests, but they know the chemicals in their urine won't lie.

Mr. Savage is wrong about the danger of drug and alcohol abuse among air carrier pilots. Four days after he wrote his letter, federal investigators announced they had found high levels of cocaine in the blood of a pilot of a commuter aircraft that crashed January 19 in Colorado, killing nine people. But Mr. Savage is right that amateur pilots are exempt from drug testing plans. Amateur pilots probably should be tested along with professionals.

Bringing home the Bacon

In an otherwise competent article ["Stop Pandering to the Middle Class," March], Matthew Cooper reveals his lack of awareness concerning federal legislation designed to prevent "those at the bottom" from getting shafted.

He cites as an example the Davis-Bacon Act, which, according to Mr. Cooper, "requires that public service workers be paid union-scale wages," stating that this "makes it all but impossible to launch a public works program that would help the disadvantaged."

The Davis-Bacon Act, in fact, does not address "public service" workers, but rather workers employed on federally financed construction projects (i.e. federal buildings, interstate highways, etc.).

More to the point, however, no provision of the Davis-Bacon Act requires the payment of "union-scale wages." The act instead requires the payment of wages which are determined to be *prevailing* on work of a similar nature in each respective area of the country.

A Davis-Bacon predetermined wage of $6.84 per hour for electricians (Davis-Bacon decision #GA88-14), the "prevailing wage" and obviously not the "union-scale wage," established for public housing projects in selected counties in Georgia, or a Davis-Bacon predetermined wage of $6.68 for laborers (Davis-Bacon decision #MN88-3), again the "prevailing wage" and most certainly not the "union scale wage," established for federal highway projects in selected counties in Minnesota, hardly makes it "impossible to launch programs that would help the disadvantaged."

ROBERT G. WRIGHT
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Wright is in the Research Department at the Laborers' International Union of North America.

Matthew Cooper replies:

"Prevailing wage" is the correct term, but the GAO found that 57 percent of the time it *was* based on collective bargaining agreements. In northern states those wages run higher than the $6 per hour that Mr. Wright cites. Those who work on government projects should get a fair wage, but those projects should not become the province of a few lucky souls.

Dorks

I have a footnote to John Eisendrath's account of his brother Edwin Eisendrath's election ["I Was a Chicago Ward Heeler," March].

I live on Diversey, the borderline of the 43rd and 44th wards in Chicago. In the last alderman election the posters of Edwin Eisendrath and his Opponent, whose name is Bob Perkins, were everywhere across the street from me. My side of the street was plastered with the signs of Dr. Ron Sable, the openly gay candidate who came within three whiskers of Abe Lincoln's beard of winning.

Punks, as we all know, have no regard for truth in advertising. With marker pens they scribbled "yuppie" across the face of the gay candidate; "fag" across Perkin's posters; and "dork" on Eisendrath's signs. At coffee counters and yogurt shops along Diversey, people are still trying to figure out which label properly belongs to which candidate.

JON-HENRY DAMSKI
Chicago, Illinois

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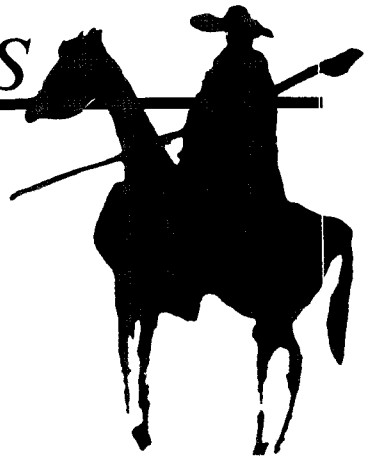
TILTING AT WINDMILLS



When Florida police finally caught up with a speeding Audi, they found an attractive 32-year-old woman in the driver's seat. Beside her was a 27-year-old man who was married to the car's owner. What's unusual, you ask? Well, for one thing, the owner and the driver were not the same person. For another, the driver was nude below the waist. Finally, both the driver and the passenger were assistant state's attorneys....

Since the 1967-68 school year, the number of pupils in the schools of Kanawha County, West Virginia, has declined 40 percent. During the same period the number of administrators has increased by 400 percent....

Whenever political columnists fret about the possibility of a convention that will not be decided by the primaries, they say it will be a "brokered" convention. Why does it have to be brokered, with all the cynical deal-making that word implies? Delegates can simply vote for the person they think will make the best president. After all, that was the original idea of conventions. And it can produce the best candidate and a lot of excitement to boot. Remember Wendell Willkie. He was the only Republican candidate in 1940 with enough sense to realize that the Nazis posed a bit of a problem for the rest of us on this planet. And his come-from-behind victory, from just a handful of votes on the first ballot to a majority on the fifth, produced the most fascinating convention of my lifetime.

My fantasy is that the public will awaken to Bruce Babbitt's superiority and there will be chants from the gallery like the "We-Want-Willkie" of 1940—I can hear people shouting "Br-u-u-u-ce," the way the kids do at a Springsteen concert.

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There is doubtless some amalgam of the best qualities of Dukakis, Gore, and Jackson that would make a preferable candidate, but in a world where we have to choose one human being, Babbitt is still my man....

Maury Maverick, the son of the great liberal congressman and a columnist for the *San Antonio Express-News*, became curious about the religious composition of the 220 marines killed in the bombing of their barracks in Beirut in 1983. The list he got from the Navy shows 78 Catholics and 64 Baptists. No other faith's representation was greater than 16. What is depressing is that it was much less for the groups that tend to be most affluent—there were no Unitarians, Quakers, or Jews, and only two Presbyterians and two Episcopalians. For the Quaker, the avoidance of military service may be a matter of conscience. For the others, I fear it represents further proof that the affluent are not doing their part in the defense of their country....

There are occasional exceptions to the truth embodied in Big is Bad and Small is Beautiful, but the takeover of PSA, the California commuter airline, by USAir does not appear to be one of them. For years the PSA flight attendants have tried to relieve the burden of air travel by spicing their routine announcements with humor. The jokes may not be the greatest—as the plane for Los Angeles taxis toward the runway, the attendant might say, "Welcome to Flight 302 to Seattle," and as a gasp arises from the passengers, quickly confess she's only kidding—but they do relieve the tedium of being trapped in the cabin. There have been only a handful of complaints and thousands of grateful compliments. So what's USAir doing? It's abolishing the jokes....

Pat Robertson's libel suit against Paul McCloskey, the former congressman, demonstrates how libel law can be used to persecute those who tell the truth. Robertson sued McCloskey for having alleged that Robertson used his father's political influence to avoid combat in Korea. Robertson, however, did not let the case come to trial, dropping the suit at the last minute. But by then he had forced McCloskey to incur $400,000 in legal fees. If McCloskey was telling the truth—and knowing him, it is hard for me to imagine that he was not—he did nothing wrong. Yet he's being punished by this whopping financial loss.

There is a simple solution to this injustice. In libel suits—and for that matter, in all other civil cases—the loser, or the person who drops his suit, like Robertson did, should pay the legal fees of the other party. This is the rule in England and should be the law here. Then there would be no more nuisance suits. People would go to court only if they are confident that they are in the right. Unfortunately, the American Bar Association is

How To Stop Inflation

When times are good, speculators hold land out of full use, hoping for a price rise. Also, buildings are depreciating in value while land is appreciating; thus more and more sites become inefficiently used. This causes an artificial land scarcity, pushing land prices up. This boosts the cost of goods and services sold in the marketplace. If the money supply remains unchanged, then a depression results because some of the higher-priced goods and services will remain unbought.

Of course, if we boost the money supply to fund the higher-priced goods and services, that's — inflation.

There's only one way to stop the increasing underuse of land, and that's by taxing land heavily, instead of taxing labor and capital. Remove the cause and you stop inflation. Remember, land rent is at least 24% on national income.

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sure to oppose such a triumph of common sense because its members know it would cut the amount of litigation in half, which means we wouldn't need so many lawyers and those who were left wouldn't get as rich....

I can't believe it! In the midst of a severe nursing shortage, the Immigration and Naturalization Service is going to deport qualified and experienced foreign nurses. They, by the way, are people who came here legally—with visas. We're throwing them out—just because their visas are expiring—at the same time we have a program of amnesty for illegal aliens....

Suppose war breaks out and the Russians want to halt our missile production. What do they have to do? Launch a thousand nuclear missiles to destroy our factories? No. All they have to do is send a few tanks 30 miles from Czechoslovakia to a small plant in West Germany. It just happens to make all of the high-purity silicon we use in our missile guidance systems.....

Two years ago a municipal court judge in Sacramento, California, depressed by the carnage caused by drunk drivers, decided to require them to visit the morgue to view the bloody remains of victims of drunk driving. The result has been that of the 300 offenders who have made the court-ordered visits, only one has been arrested again.

I recall hearing a few years ago about a similar success with a program of service in hospital emergency rooms as an alternative to jail for drunk drivers. Now California has enacted a law to encourage morgue visits or emergency-room service throughout the state. If this kind of thing continues, we're going to have to open a Good News Branch for our Only in California Department....

One of the more troubling developments in the civil service movement during this century has been its increasing preoccupation with the interests of the employee as opposed to those of the public. Consider the case of Clarence Ferguson, an employee of the National Marine Fisheries Service in St. Petersburg, Florida. Ferguson, according to the *St. Petersburg Times*, drank a pint of gin a day. During the years 1980-83, he missed 389 days of work. Finally he was fired. Now a federal judge has given him the right to get his job back and has awarded him $150,000 in back pay. The judge reasoned that all federal agencies should make reasonable accommodation for their "handicapped" workers, including alcohol and drug addicts.

An alcoholic who misses 389 days of work deserves our sympathy and our help in overcoming his addiction, but he does not deserve a government job. The only standard that should govern the retention of such employees is performance, performance that demonstrates competence and dedication to the public interest....

Sophisticated political writers have taken to describing the electoral power of the southern white male as "the Bubba vote." What would be their reaction if a similar derogatory term were applied to black males? It can be argued that some of the whites describe themselves as Bubbas, but that is no better excuse than Richard Pryor finally concluded that he had for using the term *nigger* just because some blacks applied it to other blacks....

Washington's permanent government—the bureaucrats, congressional staff, lobbyists, and journalists who stay as the politicians come and go—usually is skilled at taking care of its own interests. Few laws are enacted or enforced that violate the mutual interests of these members of the permanent party. But they slipped up in the case of the Tax Reform Act of 1986, which, while kinder to the poor and the rich, is wicked in its impact on the two-wage-earner family with incomes of $120,000 or so. Washington is filled with such couples, in which the wife might work at Commerce or Justice and her husband on the Hill or for a trade association or a newsweekly.

They're all moaning. Their taxes have gone up, and by substantial amounts, almost doubling in many cases. "We're really getting creamed," one congressional aide told *The Washington Post*.

But lest you shed too many

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tears, consider what the aide said next: "This means we'll have to borrow the money for our trip to Europe."...

If you weren't quite persuaded by Judge Lois Forer's article last month on the need for orphanages to care for children in cases where the parents are an undesirable alternative, consider the children of James Lutgen of East Dubuque, Illinois. Three years ago Lutgen strangled his wife in front of his two daughters. After he was released from prison, he was awarded custody of the girls....

The acceptance rate for Harvard's undergraduate college is one applicant in six. For the law school it's one in nine, for the medical school, it's one in 18. But the school of education accepts two out of three applicants.

"When one thinks of the hierarchy of a university," Alexander W. Astin, a professor of education at UCLA, recently told the *Los Angeles Times*, "there might be some dispute over what to put at the top: law, medicine, physics. But there is little dispute over what goes at the bottom: nursing and education."

This is in part because of the quality of people who are attending education schools, or teachers colleges, as they are sometimes called. A survey by the American Council of Education found that this year's college freshmen who planned to become teachers were the least likely of all college students to have been "A" students in high school.

The low status of the education school is also explained by the quality of its faculty and curriculum. Ann Roark of the *Times* reports this conversation between two former education students:

"Social Foundations of Education," said one graduate from Cal State Dominquez Hills, reading from a list of courses that she had taken one year before. "What's that? That's a good question," she said, laughing. "I've taken it and I'm not sure."

"Oh, you know," chimed in one of her former classmates. "Remember that old geezer with his audio-visual displays?"

"Which audio-visual displays? And which old geezer?" a second classmate asked, also laughing. "That would describe most of them."

I see no hope for quick reform of the teachers colleges—major change will take decades because of all those tenured geezers with their audio-visual displays. If we are going to save the public schools we must stop hiring teachers from the teachers colleges and instead hire bright liberal arts graduates. Their professional training could be supplied by apprenticeship with the best of the experienced teachers for classroom practice and instruction in methodology.

Are such graduates willing to teach? They are indeed—just ask the people who do the hiring at the best private schools. Then why don't they apply to the public schools? Because most public schools require degrees in education....

"2 Drug Users Rejected For Help Try Suicide"

That was a headline in a recent edition of *The Washington Post*. Two cocaine abusers had sought help in kicking their habit but had been refused admission by the city's drug treatment facilities and by St. Elizabeth's Hospital, after which they both tried to kill themselves. There is now a waiting list of more than one thousand people who want to enter the detoxification and rehabilitation programs operated by the District. Why waste billions of dollars in futile efforts to keep drugs out when the money could be spent on programs to prevent and cure addiction?...

Last month, James Fallows wrote in these pages about the tendency of American anticommunists, like Pat Buchanan, to see the world in terms of who is Red and who is not and to ignore the differences caused by tribe, race, religion, and nationality. Ironically the communists have the same problem. The Russians and the Chinese are now having to face the fact that their troubles with the Armenians and the Tibetans are not caused by the capitalist imperialists but by the same forces the Pat Buchanans ignore....

Speaking of Bruce Babbitt, my son, Christian, who campaigned for him in Iowa, has two explanations for his defeat that do not involve blaming the public or Babbitt's awkwardness on the

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tube. One is that Babbitt's moment in the media sun in January, having been predicted and impliedly discounted by David Broder and Paul Taylor of *The Washington Post*, was then subjected to self-conscious put-down even by reporters who liked Babbitt. The result was that Iowa voters, instead of being impressed by the favorable publicity, were knowingly telling one another that it was nothing more than the expected media boomlet.

(While journalists often provide us with after-the-fact interpretations, heretofore it has been only the candidates and their aides who have attempted to control the media "spin" to be put on a *coming* political event. This may be the first time journalists themselves have provided the advance spin control for their colleagues.)

The other explanation is that Babbitt tried to take advantage of his reputation with the media for being courageous while failing to repeat and explain to the public the positions that had gained him the reputation. He would take stands on the need for worker ownership and new taxes, and for reducing social security payments to the affluent, prompting a spate of articles saying how brave he was. But his television commercials would quote only the praise for his courage and not explain his stands, which needed explaining if the voters were going to rally to his cause.

Gary Hart did something similar in 1984. He wanted to be praised for his position papers but not explain his positions. When Walter Mondale asked, "Where's the beef?", Hart kept pulling out a book he had recently written and saying, "Here it is." But the details of "it" were seldom explored either in his campaign commercials or in his debates with the other candidates....

Polly Toynbee, in her article on Margaret Thatcher in this issue, argues that men and women are more alike than different. I agree, but here is one difference that has been true at least of the women I have known best, those of my own generation, and that I think is important. Although some of them were real dragons, on the whole they were much less likely than men to have chips on their shoulders or to indulge in other such macho nonsense. I wish the sexual revolution had consisted of men imitating women in this respect instead of women becoming Margaret Thatchers....

If Uncle George is in a coma and you're in the hospital room with him, don't start talking about how you never could stand the old bastard or about that Mediterranean cruise you're going to take when he kicks the bucket and you inherit his fortune. According to a recent study by the University of Chicago, there is a good chance that the old boy can hear everything you're saying.

This finding has a serious side. It is important that we keep talking to patients who are in comas. Recovery rates are dramatically better in such cases than when the patient is ignored....

In my continuing search for any indication that Americans are at last beginning to free themselves from the greed that has dominated the past two decades, I have become skilled at extracting hopeful signs from the slimmest evidence. The latest example is the spring travel section in *The New York Times* of March 6 with headlines such as "More With Less: Putting Off the Ritz" and "The Grand Hotel goes out and the station buffet comes in."

What happened during the 1970s and 1980s is that Americans came to view travel as a way to prove their taste by patronizing the glitziest hotels and restaurants. It wasn't enough to go to London to see the city, you had to stay at Claridges and dine at the Connaught Grill. This meant vacations, like most of the things that prove your good taste back home, were costing lots of money. And it was the need for all that money that inspired all that greed.

But in the 1950s and 1960s, people traveled with Arthur Frommer's *Europe on $5 a Day* under their arms. You proved you were clever by finding the bistro or small hotel on the Left Bank that was good *and* cheap. Cheap meant you didn't have to be greedy. So that's why I'm hopeful again. Maybe if people will begin putting off the Ritz, they'll stop thinking they have to make big bucks and stop respecting only those who do....

—*Charles Peters*

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Hurts So Good

At POW school the Navy locked me in a box. Here's why I'm grateful.

by Scott Shuger

This box I was locked in made me more uncomfortable than I'd ever been. Its dimensions had been calculated to prevent the average-sized man from lying down or sitting up. Instead of either of those luxurious postures, the box forced you into a miserable muscle-straining compromise that made sleep impossible. Even when I was lucky enough to daydream—about my family or food or some other good thing—I was cut short by the periodic pounding of a rifle butt on my door.

In mid-afternoon, when I was stripped down to my underwear and put in the box, it had been in the mid-eighties and the cool darkness was welcome. But it had been forever since the slit in front of me had gone black—near midnight I bet—and I had been shivering for hours. The shakes started soon after a guard yanked open my door and then slammed it just as suddenly, spilling my piss-pot all over me.

This was one of those situations where what you *knew* didn't matter much in light of what you *felt*. I knew I was in a school, on an American military base, that my snarling captors were fellow members of the U.S. Navy, and that this whole thing would be over a day from now. But none of that was worth a thing to me shaking in the dark.

Scott Shuger is writing a book on the Navy.

As a navy aviation officer, the last special training I attended before I got ready to deploy overseas with my squadron in 1980 was Survival, Evasion, Resistance, and Escape—SERE—school. That's where the boxes were. The acronym is pronounced "sear," and for me it always conjures up an image of being shoved on a spit and slowly turned over an open flame.

The existence of such a school probably strikes life-long civilians as intolerably barbaric—yet another proof that the U.S. military has gone stone haywire. But my reaction is more typical of SERE graduates: it was the best war training I got. If more of our military preparation were this focused and effective, our readiness would be improved exponentially.

The at-sea scenario exercises that the Navy depends on to ready its forces tend to lack realism. For one thing, they don't involve much live weapons firing (too expensive—the F-14's chief weapon, the Phoenix missile, goes for $1 million a copy). For another, aboard a ship underway, there is no safe way to set off explosives, fill compartments with smoke and sparks, or set up catastrophic power failures. As a result, what is supposed to simulate an all-out war at sea with the Red Navy all too often ends up as just more routine. But SERE school was an example of how the mayhem of combat can be re-created on land.

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SERE stands out from the great gray routine of the hundreds of hours of canned drills, exercises, lectures, and briefs now bemiring U.S. forces. It has no use for message traffic, or viewgraphs, or computers. Instead, its pivotal learning tools are nature's greatest teachers and combat's only constants—pain and fear.

The Manchurian Candidate

For all that, SERE started off mundanely enough. About 40 officers and men trudged into the classroom at the North Island base in San Diego, most of us in a trance befitting the ungodly hour. We were given the usual "Welcome Aboard" by various instructors—including the always-popular Coffee Mess rules and base traffic regulations. (If the Joint Chiefs ever have to brief the president about an incoming wave of Soviet ICBMs, they'll still have Petty Officer Flaherty come up first and explain the JCS Coffee Mess.)

Next we were told a little bit about the school. For most of its history, the U.S. military didn't have any explicit doctrine about how its members should behave once they were taken prisoner. Everybody knew that the Geneva Convention required POWs to give captors only their name, rank, and serial number. What else was there to learn? After all, we were in the business of *taking* prisoners, not *making* them. Why dwell on getting captured? This view was shaken when the Chinese "brainwashed" some captured soldiers during the Korean War. It wasn't quite like *The Manchurian Candidate*, but American officers, psychologists, and political scientists were startled to learn that "normal" troops could be trained, often in a relatively brief period of confinement, to identify and collaborate with the enemy—even to the point of refusing peacetime repatriation. This background led to the establishment in the mid-fifties of the American Fighting Man's Code of Conduct—the first explicit statement of requirements for captured American servicemen. The poster on the wall by my seat quoted the key words—"If I am captured, I will continue to resist by all means available. If senior, I will take command. I will make every effort to escape and to aid others to escape." In the prison camps of Vietnam the Code went to war for the first time. At SERE school, the Navy teaches it to aviation personnel, SEAL commandos, and others whose jobs make them most liable to be captured.

The first week of SERE was all classroom. There were lectures about the Code of Conduct and about covert communications. There were films. One of them, "Here There Are Tigers," portrayed the capture of a downed American pilot by the North Vietnamese. Some of the details were reasonably authentic, but it was eerie to see the film's naive depiction of the relationship between the POW and the interrogator—strained at times but always absurdly "professional." Strictly Richard Loo and Stalag 17 stuff.

After this week of lectures, we would spend a week in the field, living off the land as if we'd been shot down. But the kicker, the part that we just couldn't stop worrying and wondering about, went well beyond that. At the end of that week, we'd be captured, imprisoned, and interrogated. By whom? Whenever we asked the instructors to fill us in on our future tormentors, they'd just smile and say, "Don't worry, you won't have to guess about who the bad guys are. When you see them, there won't be a doubt in your mind." Like everyone, I didn't relish the prospect. If anything I was even more worried than my classmates, for I was the class's sole intelligence officer, which in the exercise—and in time of war—could make me an especially juicy target. In light of that, I kept my true job to myself.

As we checked back into our classroom early on a bright Sunday morning we were advised that we'd eaten our last meal until the field phase was over. Soon enough we were marching in formation away from the populated parts of the base. It was hot in the sun and unbelievably, my traitorous stomach was already growling. "We'll just be leading you through the land survival phase of the exercise," our instructors smiled. Friendly stuff like helping us make tents out of our chutes and teaching us about edible vegetation. "We're not going to have anything to do with the compound phase," they reassured us. But just the initial mention of that phrase kept my imagination going all afternoon.

We spent the next three days in mountainous terrain unable to find food. It was amazing to rediscover how difficult everything becomes when you have absolutely no energy. By day, it was boiling. At night we tried to find the driest ground we could, but after a few hours the earth would suck away all our heat and our shivering would keep us awake.

As the third evening fell, the instructors took account of the complete lack of food. No, they didn't take us into town for Big Macs. But they brought us a big rabbit. An enlisted guy came forward and quickly throttled the animal. All he wanted for his troubles were the eyeballs. He

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probably knew what he was doing. The next day I noticed that he had a lot more energy than I did.

The next morning, after changing into school-issued green fatigues, the class worked its way to an X on the map, which was the drop-off point. Our instructors turned to leave, telling us that the next people we'd see wouldn't be so nice. This was the beginning of the evasion course. We were looking down a long, barren valley framed on three sides by rolling hills. If we could elude our pursuers and make it to "Freedom Village"—the objective point at the other end of the valley—before the hour allotted for evasion was up, we'd be rewarded with some food and a little rest.

When the go siren sounded, I crawled a few feet into the center of the thickest bushes I could find. After several minutes, I repeated the maneuver. Before I could advance a third time, the silence of the valley was shattered by automatic weapons fire.

"These American slobs"

"Oh, here is another of the pigs!" a voice on top of me grunted. I kept still. We'd been told not to be tricked into surrendering. I was making them earn me. I was hoping they were blind.

They weren't. "On your feetings, pig!" someone shouted at me. Before I was completely upright I was helped along by a rifle butt between the shoulder blades. Two guys held rifles on me while a third, who seemed to be in charge, pointed at the path in front of me. "Be walking!" he ordered. We were joined by other captives as we went along. Soon we came to a roadside and our adversaries told us to lie face down. They were a little disorganized, spending as much time shouting at each other as they did shouting at us. Eventually a truck showed up, and as we rumbled down a dirt road aboard it we used its movements to steal glances at each other. Everybody was okay.

Within five minutes we stopped at a clearing that served as a collection point. Some of my classmates were already laying face down on the ground. Others were being led out of my sight. But the main features of this new location were sounds. There was yelling and loud metallic banging. Before I could wonder too much about it all, I was pulled off the truck. I was taken across the field to a huge, swarthy, Hispanic-looking bruiser dressed all in black—a Che Guevara type. He dismissed my escorts with a nod and turned to me with a look of infinite annoyance.

"What's your name?" I told him. "Why were you flying a warplane against my country?"

Steve McQueen in *The Great Escape* United Artists

"I wasn't flying a warplane."

"Don't waste my time. We know what you're doing. We have the wreckage. Now why are you committing acts of air piracy against my peace-loving country?"

In the back of my head, I knew this was make-believe. But in the front—which was much closer to this guy—I felt the pressure. I was floundering.

I had just arrived at the point that every person contemplating capture wonders about. We had been taught in class that no one is required to John Wayne it—to hold out even trivial military information in the face of abuse. But it had also been made clear to us that we were expected to resist as much as we thought we could. I ignored the question and repeated my name.

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"And your rank?" I started taking long pauses after every question. "Ensign," I said finally. "So you are in the U.S. Navy?" This went beyond the Big Three Freebies—name, rank, serial number—but it was obvious and harmless. "Yes." "Now, what was your mission today?" I kept silent until Che put a big paw on my shoulder. "I don't know." "You don't KNOW?" Che exploded right in my ear. For the first time he sounded angry. He forced me down to the ground. "You know what is the push-push?" For a second I honestly didn't know what he was talking about. Being shouted at in pidgin English was apparently designed to be disorienting. It was.

I saw one of my classmates about 20 feet away doing push-ups. "Yes." "Then do. Until you no longer wish to insult my intelligence and that of my country." Now, I didn't mind this. A little exercise might relieve the tension. Momentarily, I thought I would simply bore him with a prodigious amount of push-ups. But Che was ready for that one. He walked away and with his back to me, started interrogating someone else. I kept doing push-ups until my arms were completely numb, like they used to get at Officer Candidate's School. After that, I just stiff-armed the ground trying to rest while I took in the scene.

There were a number of questioning sessions going on. Lots of enforced calisthenics. That wasn't so bad, but then I saw Lt. Commander Smythe, who had the unfortunate distinction of being the senior ranking prisoner. Two guys were repeatedly throwing him against a sheet metal wall. So that was the strange racket I'd heard since I got here! I wondered if they'd been bouncing him around all this time. He looked it. I was still frozen in the up position when Che's big black boots reappeared right under my chin. "Why you stop the push-push?" Turning to some of his comrades, he bellowed, "These American slobs, they are so weak!" Suddenly he dropped down to me and whispered in my ear in an unnervingly gentle voice, "Mister, if you do not answer my questions I will be forced to hurt you badly." I admit it—against all reason, that scared the shit out of me.

Next a boot between the shoulder blades forced me down for "more of the push-push." When I couldn't even hold myself off the ground any longer, I was ordered to my feet. "Now Ensign, will you answer me truthfully?" I nodded. "So why were you flying a warplane against my country?" I kept quiet until I was positive things were going to get ugly again. Then I said, "I don't know. We got lost." "Your equipment is so wonderful—how did this happen?" "I don't know. I'm still in flight school. The last thing I remember was being 50 miles off San Clemente"—a small island just off the San Diego coast—"it was my first flight." Pleading incompetence and giving the story a benign local setting was a good stroke. Che turned his back to let loose some genuine laughter. He waved to a soldier to take me away. "Ensign," he said, forcing his smile off, "you need to do better when we speak again."

An hour later, when everybody had been rounded up and questioned, we were marched away from the field. I had the feeling we were taking a circular route, but I couldn't be sure because we were ordered to keep our heads down. After a bit, we trudged through some sort of gate and were halted. When I first lifted my head I scanned the area, spotting a few familiar weary faces in the process. It was like a movie set. There were several low-lying buildings surrounding a sandy open area. Off to one side, the ground swelled, indicating a bunker. The perimeter was ringed with barbed wire and there were even guard towers overlooking it all. Among the soldiers confronting us were several wearing officers' uniforms complete with hammer and sickle insignia. The most lavishly dressed, a lean small man, took charge. "This is your new home, war criminals. And I run it. I am your commandant." I'm sure this seemed pretty funny to most of us, especially since the guy's uniform was so overdone—his hat seemed enormous. Getting assigned individual "war criminal numbers" was laughable too. I was less amused when we were each locked into one of the squat boxes that sat kennel-like at the far end of the compound.

It's academic

As we'd been taught in class, my box-neighbors and I tried communicating by tapping signals and whispering, but we were quickly discovered. The guards were constantly banging on boxes with rifle butts and dragging people out. I could hear forced exercise and some slapping and shoving. I distracted myself with the notion that all this apparent abuse was simulated. I pictured some of the staff sitting on the other side of my door, clapping their hands together or grunting and looking through a hole in the wall to check our reactions. Then I heard the groans. Long, wailing, gasping groans that trailed off into crying. I tried to imagine that they were fake too—on tape maybe. But it was obvious those sounds

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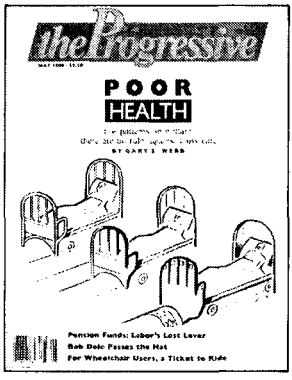

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could only have come from real pain. Then I recognized Lt. Commander Smythe's voice. And then the second-ranking prisoner's (the XO). The heavies were getting some extra attention. "What's going on?" I whispered to my right. "Waterboard," came the hoarse reply. We'd all heard about it—torture by controlled drowning. Rumor was that a doctor monitored the victim's vital signs all the way. It sure didn't sound that way.

After about two hours of boxdom, I was grabbed out along with about half my classmates. We were marched into a bench-filled meeting room. Up front were two smiling guys in their mid-twenties. With their longish hair and their jeans, they looked like young profs. The one with the moustache started the talking. Seeing that we were rigid on our benches and instinctively keeping our heads down, he was quick to reassure us. "Please. Please. This is not a military area. Relax. We just want to explain to you the feelings of our country." On the wall behind him there was a strange flag. "We feel sure that once you understand the P.D.R.—oh, excuse please, the People's Democratic Republic" (he said it loud and slow, the way you always talk to foreigners)—"you will see that there is no grievance between us." This was the start of an hour-long bull session—an historical overview of the P.D.R., including comparisons with the American Revolution. At first the tone was amicable enough. But, when prisoners disputed P.D.R. dogma—and several did, especially a couple of junior enlisted guys who seemed to be discovering the pleasures of debate for the first time—our discussion leaders would reel off statistics about the number of black people in jail or on welfare in the U.S. Before I knew it though, tempers were flaring on both sides and we were hotly dismissed. "You will have to learn," concluded the once-genial Professor Moustache, "that we don't need words to correct your thinking."

Back outside, the guards—who hadn't been allowed in—got wind of this sour turn of events and ordered us to strip down to our underwear. Then they shoved us back in our boxes. That's how I ended up practically bare-assed, shivering, and worrying about the "hard-sell" interrogation to come. The only conceivable chance for sleep was silence, but there was too much going on. When the guards weren't having fun with us, there was always some drivel coming out of the P.A. system. Like the hideous manic voice singing over and over again, "Boots! Boots! Marching into Asia, Marching into Africa. Boots! Boots!"

Suddenly there's a bashing sound and my right-side neighbor was pulled out and up. On command, he gave his war criminal number. "So pig, what is your name?" "Ensign Mike Stuart, sir." "So, this one tells us his rank even before we ask! And with the respect too. I like that!" There's a round of barroom laughs after this and then a menacing silence. "So Mr. Ensign Stuart, sir, what squadron are you with?" "I'm with HS-6." "And what is that?" "It's a helicopter squadron at North Is..." Suddenly there was a sharp noise—SMACK. "Why do you tell me this, pig?" "Because it doesn't seem very important." Another SMACK. "Let's start again—what squadron are you with?" "I'm with HS"—SMACK. This time the blow was followed by a crashing sound—this one had knocked Stuart off his feet. "Up pig." "What sort of helicopter do you fly?" asked a second voice. "An SH-3. We do Search and"—SMACK/PLOP again. This time Stuart hit the deck so hard he bounced up against my box, blowing a big puff of dust under my door. "Search and what?" "Search and Rescue," Stuart wheezed. "I don't think you understand the point of our questions, pig! Let's try it again!"

Back in the classroom they had explained to us that if at any time during the field portion a point of training was being missed, the staff would call "an academic"—sort of a time out—and clear things up. Every ear in the compound was sure they were about to call an academic right here on Stuart. Sure this stuff is scary, but how could he be so dense about the basics? Especially after we had repeatedly reviewed the Code of Conduct? "Now, what is your aircraft, Stuart?"

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"What's going on?" I whispered to my right. "Waterboard" came the hoarse reply. We'd all heard about it—torture by controlled drowning. Rumor was that a doctor monitored the victim's vital signs all the way. It sure didn't sound that way.

Fortunately, Stuart's bulb finally switched on. There was a long silence followed by, "My country does not permit me to give you that information." Cringes all around, but no slap. "What is your squadron, then?" "My country does not permit me to give you that information." Again no bad noises. "I think pig, that you finally understand. Now go back to your box and think about what was happening here tonight." Now I knew why they needed SERE school.

Below my groin

My neighbor's worst times were probably over, but as for me—it was probably near midnight and nobody had laid a hand on me since my chat with Che. Uppermost in my mind was sticking to my cover story that I was just a regular air crewman, not an intelligence officer. As chaotic as this place was, I figured I had a shot to drop through the cracks.

"On your feet pig! Put on!" We were going to the office now, and I was given back a shirt and pants. We were headed to the barracks building near the gate we had first come through. Despite my destination, the minute-and-a-half walk felt incredibly good. I was led to a small office overcrowded with guards. For some reason I noticed right away that there was a protruding panel ringing the walls of the room at head level.

The only man in the group wearing a dress uniform came around from behind his desk and started right in on me. "You will be the one to decide if this meeting gets unpleasant. Now then. . . ." We danced through the Big Three Freebies. Then we got to the pressure point. I tried to remind myself how I handled Che. But it wouldn't work here. Prisoners had been pouring in by the truckload then, and the militia was very disorganized. But there were no distractions now. These dudes acted like they had all the time in the world. I was in this phone booth with four guys—I could see only two of them, but I felt the other two behind me, as the first hard question came: "Your squadron?"

I shut up, much more from fright than cool. The question came again, but before I could say anything, I was grabbed around my neck from behind. The guard on my left pulled my hands down and made them grab my fatigues, at the same time spreading my legs somewhat. Immediately, the neck grip tightened while the fourth guy who was standing behind the interrogating officer exploded past him and kicked toward my midsection. The toe of his boot hit the wall just below my groin. Quite unnecessarily, Mr. Officer remarked, "I can have him kick higher."

When he repeated the question, I gave the reply that had worked so well for Stuart—"My country does not allow me to answer that question. . . ." "*Your* country?" Mr. Officer interrupted, screaming in my ear. "You are not in *your* country!" With that, the field-goal kicker came forward, grabbed me by the lapels, and shoved me into the wall several times. Each time, the flat of my back hit the wall hard, winding me, but my head was going into that panel I'd noticed, which turned out to be much softer. "Now Ensign, what is your squadron?" Intimidated, I tried to convince myself that I had already made this crew waste time on trivia. I needed a breather.

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I gave him the name of the West Coast E-2 training squadron rather than my own. He then asked me, "What kind of training squadron is it?" Silence. Wall bounce. "They train student pilots for E-2s." "And what kind of aircraft is that?" Silence. Some threatening stares. I was pretty bounced out. "It's a carrier-based propeller plane." "And what is its mission?" Pause. But a shorter pause than I should have taken. "To deliver supplies and mail." Upon hearing this, the interrogator went back around to his desk. While he made some notes, he looked up at me. "Ensign, you are stubborn, you will have to be more cooperative if you expect your lot to improve." With that, I was taken away. Outside in the darkness, I felt bad about not having made a better stand towards the end of the interview but good about lying about the mission of my squadron's radar planes.

Back in my box my concentration was slipping badly. I hadn't had a lot of experience in cold weather in my underwear with my knees in my face. But after about an hour I was hauled to a different office and left alone with the man behind the desk. Dressed in casual, civilian clothes, he flashed me a sincere-looking smile as he waved me to a chair right in front of a glowing space heater. It was oddly reassuring to hear his regular American accent and grammar as he began asking me questions. My strategy would stay the same. Long pauses and incomplete answers. At first I was very defensive. I was asked to read over some materials to check the grammar and spelling. Since they were all politically loaded and there had been some whispered box scuttlebutt about hidden tape recorders, I passed on that. But compared to the low teens outside, that space heater felt fantastic! I decided that unless there was more rough stuff, I was going to do what I could to prolong my stay right in this spot.

I think I lost vigilance. We had a leisurely discussion about my hometown, my parents, and my education. All through this, my host was working on a steaming hero sandwich. The smells were another good reason to stay put. After about 20 minutes, the phone rang. "No sir, I am interviewing now. Could it possibly wait? Yes sir. I understand. Yes sir, I'll come over immediately." When he hung up the phone, Joe College apologized for the interruption. He left the room through a back door. Thankful for this surprising gift of peace, quiet, and comfort, I leaned back toward the heat and closed my eyes. I don't know how long it was before I heard J.C. say with a slight edge to his voice, "I'm sorry but I must cut this short. We'll talk again, I'm sure. You need to change some of your ideas, but in time I think we will work well together."

I wasn't back in the box too long this time. When I stood up again, I saw about 15 of my classmates. We were taken over to the center of the compound and told to sit down. Incredibly, one guard handed out mess kit pans and spoons while another glopped out hot oatmeal. We ate greedily while the head guard explained what was coming next. "We know that besides the hunger of you, you also have want for the exercise. And we know Americans love the team sports. So let's be picking the teams and play."

Sitting there in the floodlights at two in the morning, it somehow made sense. "Now what sports should we play? Who likes the football?" A half dozen hands went up. "Oh, not enough to play football. Who likes the volleyball?" Only a few hands. "How about the baseball?" Most of the hands went up. "Okay, it be baseball. Now close your eyes so we can pick fairly the teams." Once our eyes were closed, the guard told us, "Raise your hand if you from East Coast America." Apparently this didn't give us a very even split. So he tried something else. "Raise your hand if you have the sportscar." At this point my eyelids were getting restless and I was getting a little suspicious. So I started peeking. I thought I saw about half the hands up. But the guard said, "Oh, too many rich guys with the sportscars." Hmmm...this is leading somewhere and it ain't baseball. "Well, raise your hand if you are the pilot." I saw a few pilots unwittingly identify themselves. "No that won't work either." If I'd had some nerve I would have said something. I felt even worse on the next round. "Raise your hand if you have the Secret clearance." A lot of hands shot up. The damage was done.

The wet bandanna

Fed and duped, we were boxed again until first light. Then the whole class was dragged out and over to the main compound area. There we were confronted by the commandant, standing on some high ground looking down at us. As the rising sun warmed our backs, he started a speech. "Well criminals, I trust you all had a restful night. I believe the People's Democratic Republic even graciously shared its precious harvest with you blackhearts." Looking at a guard who responded with a nod, the commandant then revved up for a tongue-lashing. "Well good, now you are ready

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Our class was typical in containing many people who refused to give out significant information when pushed physically but who gave it up quickly when they felt the pressure was off. The central lesson of all this was that as a POW the pressure would never be off.

to do a good day's work! You must remember you are not prisoners of war. Your Congress has not declared war on our peace-loving country. So you are war criminals, not protected by the Geneva Convention."

We spent the next hour or so on our hands and knees pushing piles of gravel first to one side of the compound and then the other. Predictably, the guards found our work rather unsatisfactory. They "had no choice" but to summon the commandant to speak to us again. Once more, we were gathered at his feet. "My staff reports that you war criminals are malingering. We will not tolerate this! I will show you that this is not a game. Bring me the SRO!" With this command, two guards appeared from some sort of bunker dragging Lt. Commander Smythe between them. I hadn't realized that Smythe hadn't been out with us before. His face was puffy and dirty. We were about to see why.

"Put him on the de-vice!" shrieked the commandant. Guards swarmed over Smythe and pushed him down on a board, cuffing his arms and legs to it. "Let's see if he is getting better at breathing the water!" As Smythe struggled, one of the guards by his head pulled out a bandanna and covered his face with it. Then another guard started pouring water over the cloth. Smythe's limbs strained at the cuffs as if he was being shocked. The groaning, gurgling sounds were like the awful noises I'd heard yesterday afternoon. Maybe the worst, most affecting part of the spectacle was all the laughter. "Oh, this one flops like a fish, haw, haw," chuckled a bearded guard at the foot of the waterboard. Now, I knew they weren't going to *kill* Smythe. But they were surely hurting him. And where did they find guys who could act like that? This was the one part that was worse than the real thing. You had to wonder how a guy could torture *his own side* for a living.

It seemed to last forever. Every 20 seconds or so, the torturers would remove the cloth so the commandant could ask a question. I felt like a spotlight had been turned on me when he asked Smythe who his political and intelligence officers were. Between deep sobs, the SRO said he didn't know. Thanks to me, he didn't. The near-drowning/questioning continued. And the rest of us were just sitting there watching. I wanted to protest, but not as much as I didn't want the waterboard. So I shut up, averting my eyes—as if that helped. A much braver guy in the front row—he was so close that the spewing water was darkening his fatigues—finally stood up and shouted, "Hey that's enough! Let him go!" It was the XO. "Oh, we have a hero in our midst!" cackled the commandant. He had his men release the heaving, plum-faced Smythe and put him over on the side. With hearty laughter the guards then grabbed the XO and strapped him in. They were working him over when the sirens went off.

"Air Raid! Air Raid! Into the shelter!" There was great confusion in the compound as the guards led us into a hollowed-out hill on one side. We huddled down while they promised new acts of terror against us in retribution for this latest American outrage. They were gleefully describing their plans for the new shoot-downs when the all-clear sounded. As we came out into the sunlight, the commandant motioned for us to sit. With more calm than usual, he began another diatribe. "Look"—he pointed at the top of the flagpole behind him, a camp feature that I hadn't noticed until now—"at our flag. Your airplanes

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fill the skies with bombs and yet it continues to fly! You need to show respect for it! On your feet!" As a jangly martial tune blared from the P.A., we all stood stupidly looking at the P.D.R. flag fluttering in a light breeze. But after a few bars, the flag suddenly shot down the pole, and the American flag was run up in its place. Simultaneously, the P.A. system switched to "The Star Spangled Banner." Every man there, guards as well as prisoners, snapped to attention and saluted. It was a gimmick, but effective. The compound phase was over.

After that there was an awkward period when everyone just milled around. Here and there guards and prisoners were shaking hands and even smiling. But I just couldn't get into the cast party atmosphere. In the past 24 hours, I had experienced new dimensions of excitement, tension, concentration, anxiety, fear, cowardice, and regret. I didn't know how to rearrange all those emotions on cue. I wanted to be alone.

Better combatants, better people

Like everyone else, I slept through the bus ride back to San Diego. After gorging myself on a fast food dinner, I crashed again at the North Island bachelor officers' quarters. Even though I had forgotten to set my alarm, the next morning I woke up in plenty of time. We were due back that morning for the SERE debriefing, considered so important that absentees were required to repeat the entire school. The rapidly filling base amphitheater showed no one was eager for that.

The debriefing wasn't a what-I-did-on-my-vacation session. It was immensely worthwhile. The instructor reported that we had been somewhat disorganized, but we had pulled together nicely at the end. We would have been kept there longer if we hadn't. This group assessment was undoubtedly the most important, because it had become obvious that for POWs, only coordinated action is effective—the bad guys were only too glad to have us off concentrating on our individual predicaments. But naturally, we were more intensely interested in our personal evaluations. The method for this was quite ingenious. After each contact with the authorities, we had been sent off with some sort of summary statement. And, as the instructor now explained, these were encoded evaluations. For example, if the questioners said you were stubborn and would only find grief until you changed your ways, that was good. If a guard said that eventually you would come around to the right way of thinking, that wasn't as good, and so on.

Most of us had come out as reasonably active resisters during the "hard-sell" sessions. But—and this was certainly one of the most important lessons—like most SERE students, we had found the "soft-sell" approach harder to beat. My own case bore that out. I had done okay when they were threatening me, but although I avoided some tricks, when they put me in front of a space heater I gave them a pretty good picture of myself. That was the point of the political discussion section too. Such sessions would be used to identify the talkers and the well-read. And as I already knew, the business of choosing teams was a similar gambit. We were told that our class was typical in containing many people who refused to give out significant information when pushed physically, but who gave it up quickly when they felt the pressure was off. The central lesson of all this was that as a POW the pressure would never be off.

It was interesting to hear the different reactions of various class members. The interrupted interview was an opportunity I missed. Some of my fellow prisoners were much more aggressive. When the interviewer left after that "unexpected" phone call, several POWs read the material on his desk. A few stole pencils and paper. A couple took bites from the sandwich. One guy escaped.

Later, in thinking about the debriefing, I realized why SERE school was so good. Although defense boosters and critics alike tend to focus on *hardware*, even the briefest review of military history reveals that for every battle decided by superiority of weapons, there are ten in which the outcome depended on differences in intelligence, planning, tactics, communications, logistics, or resolve. And this ratio has become still more imbalanced in modern warfare because the growth of technology shrinks the time one can maintain any given technical advantage. No, it's the *software* questions—questions about service members' thinking, judgment, and attitudes—which should be getting more attention. SERE school is one of the very few places where the Defense Department faces that fact. In just two weeks and for very little money, the Navy taught us things that would make us better combatants, better people even—more capable of operating with the men and material entrusted to us. It's been clear to me ever since that we'd get a lot more for our tax dollars if the Pentagon cut elsewhere and spent more money like this in all its tactical training—not on a fighter or a bomber, but on a personal plane. □

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The jokes that impeached a governor.

What Did Evan Mecham Ask The Pope?

by Alleen Pace Nilsen

What was it that finally drove Evan Mecham from the Arizona governor's office? His bigoted comments? His hand-in-the-till approach to campaign finances? In the end, his most enduring enemy may have been the countless Mecham jokes that swept the state, fueled the recall drive, and helped bring down the governor. Mecham's gone, but the jokes remain. A sampling:

Why did Evan Mecham cancel Easter?
Because he heard some of the eggs were going to be colored.
What do Evan Mecham's political appointees have in common?
Parole officers.
Why does Evan Mecham have to open his mouth?
So he can change feet.
What do Mecham and an untrained puppy have in common?
They both cringe at the sight of a newspaper.
How do you spell relief?
R-E-C-A-L-L.
What would be the difference if Mecham and a skunk were run over on the highway?
There would be skid marks in front of the skunk.
Did you hear what Mecham asked the Pope?
"How's the little woman?"

Alleen Pace Nilsen is a professor of English at Arizona State University.

Arizona bumper stickers:
I'll take a urine test if Mecham will take an IQ test.
God—Leave Oral and take Evan.
Don't get mad! Get Evan.

After Mecham began defending his use of the word *pickaninny* to describe black children, Arizonans turned it back on him: Pickaninny: What we did for Governor.

Mecham's education adviser, supporting a bill that would have required the teaching of creationism, told the legislature that if a student "wants to say the world is flat, the teacher doesn't have the right to try to prove otherwise." Shortly afterwards, a caller to a radio station suggested a state tax to fund the purchase of flat globes for schools.

At times, it seemed that Mecham and the jokes had merged. He was saying things so outrageous that the only logical explanation could be that he was mocking himself. As when he told a Jewish audience that America was a great Christian nation. Or when he denied being a bigot by arguing that he hires blacks "because they are the best people who applied for the cotton-picking job." Or when he scolded a reporter by telling him never to ask "for a true statement again!"

Speaking last summer, Morris Udall borrowed a line from Will Rogers and said he couldn't tell any jokes because Mecham had appointed them all. Udall, of course was wrong: Mecham left a few behind. Thanks for the laughs. □

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MEMO OF THE MONTH

Federal Home Loan Bank Board **Memo**

INTER-OFFICE COMMUNICATION

TO: Jeff North

FROM: Judith L. Friedman
Associate General Counsel

DATE: August 26, 1987

SUBJECT: Removal of furniture from the Adjudication Division

This is in response to your note to me dated August 25, 1987, as well as your removal of furniture from the Division on the same date.

During my absence from the office yesterday, and without my consent or the consent of the Deputy General Counsel for General Law, you removed two pieces of furniture (a sofa and tall bookcase) from your office in the Adjudication Division.

For the record, I would like to note that it is the policy of the Adjudication Division that furnishings, lighting fixtures, typewriters and electronic equipment are not to be removed from the Division without the Division Director's approval. I was under the impression that you were aware of this policy. Even were you unaware of this policy, I believe that logic would dictate that you not remove the Division's furniture without discussing the matter with me.

With respect to the sofa, it is my understanding that sofas are not standard office furniture for non-supervisory GS-14 employees. When you joined the Division you moved into an office with a sofa which had previously been assigned to a GS-15 Division Director. It is because the sofa was already in the office that you obtained it. However, since your grade does not entitle you to a sofa, and I have more senior employees who are so entitled, it has always been my intention to reallocate the sofa to another office. It has only been as a courtesy to you that I did not reassign the sofa in your absence. Moreover, since sofas are in short supply at the Bank Board, and I have a senior supervisory employee who is without a sofa, it is necessary that you return the sofa to the Division for reallocation by close of business Friday, August 28, 1987.

If you believe that additional seating in your temporary office is necessary to your work, I will be happy to try to arrange for sufficient chairs to meet your needs.

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The Tin Cup Congress

In between fundraisers, they squeeze in a few hours to govern.

by Philip M. Stern

What is the effect on members of Congress of the skyrocketing need for campaign funds and the resulting, never-ending scramble for money? What is its impact on the legislative process? How has campaigning been affected? To find out I interviewed several current and former members of Congress. Here is what they told me:

►Former Congressman Michael Barnes of Maryland

Mike Barnes represented a Maryland suburb of Washington, D.C., from 1978 to 1986, when he ran unsuccessfully for the U.S. Senate. He has a mild-mannered mien, but he is passionate about campaign-finance reform. These convictions were solidified by his 1986 experience as a senatorial candidate, when raising money was a constant preoccupation. "There was never a waking moment that I was not either raising money or feeling guilty that I was not," Barnes said. He now practices law in Washington.

As I spoke to political consultants, they all said I should not even consider running for the Senate if I weren't prepared to spend 80 or 90 percent of my time raising money. It turned out that they were absolutely correct. That's an absolute outrage, because the candidates should be talking about the issues and meeting with constituents and voters and working on policy questions.

As a congressman, I had plenty of phone calls from political directors of PACs, in which the conversation went something like this:

"Mike, we're getting ready to make our next round of checks out and just want to let you know that you're right up there at the top. We really think we can help you with a nice contribution."

"Gee, that's great. Really appreciate it. Grateful to have your help."

"Oh, by the way, Mike, have you been following that bill in Ways and Means that's going to be coming to the floor next week? It's got an item in there we're concerned about—the amendment by Congressman Schwartz. You know, we'll be supporting that and we hope you'll be with us on that one. Hope you'll take a good look at it, and if you need any information about it, we'll send that up to you."

That conversation is perfectly legal under the current laws of the United States, and it probably takes place daily in Washington, D.C. It is an absolute outrage! You know, if that conversation took place with someone in the executive branch, someone would go to jail.

I remember standing on the floor of the House one night when we were voting on the issue of regulations affecting the funeral industry, which were, in my view, eminently reasonable. The funeral industry was opposed to this regulation. A rumor swept across the floor of the House that anybody who voted against the regulation would get $5,000 from the industry PAC for his or her upcoming campaign. I don't know if that rumor was true or not, but it flew around the place. Everybody was sort of laughing about this. There's not a doubt in my mind that that rumor had an effect on votes. I was standing next to a

Philip M. Stern is co-chairman of Citizens Against PACs. This article is adapted from his book, The Best Congress Money Can Buy, *to be published this month by Pantheon, $17.95.* *©1988 by Philip M. Stern.*

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guy who, as he put his card in the machine [that registers representatives' votes], said, "You know, I was going to vote against the industry on this thing, but what the hell, I can use the $5,000."

During the months preceding an election, I would say that more than half the conversations between congressmen relate to fundraising. "How are you doing with your fundraising? Will you stop by my fundraiser? God, I'm having a tough time getting money out of X—do you know anybody over there that could help? Do you have access to a rock group or a movie star that could help me with my fundraising?" More often than not the question is not "Who's your opponent?" or "What are the issues in your race?" It's "How much money have you raised?" Money permeates the whole place.

►Former Senator Charles McC. Mathias of Maryland

Mac Mathias's moderate stances often enraged more conservative members of the Republican party. But they made him popular with Maryland Democrats, and helped him win three successive Senate terms, beginning in 1968. Mathias's seniority made him the chairman of the Senate Rules Committee, which handles campaign-finance reform legislation. In 1986, Mathias chose not to seek reelection. A factor in that decision was what he called the "daunting" prospect of having to raise millions in campaign funds.

The need to raise money has now gotten so serious that the practice has grown up in the last several years of providing "windows" in the Senate schedule. A window is a period of time in which it is understood that there will be no roll-call votes. Senators are assured that they won't be embarrassed by being absent for a recorded vote. Windows usually occur between six and eight in the evening, which is the normal time for holding fundraising cocktail parties. The Senate majority leader says, "There will be a window between six and eight"—or between seven and nine, or whatever. That is a euphemism for saying that's the period in which you can go out and raise money while the Senate's in session.

I did one of those TV debates for the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. I was shocked because one of the Chamber's people, in the course of the discussion, said, "You can't do away with campaign contributions because no public official would do anything for you. How would you ever get anything done?" In some circles that is really the naked truth—that is, this is an outright lever that you *buy* to get governmental action. And this person said so right on the air.

►Former Senator Thomas Eagleton of Missouri

After his reelection in 1980, Tom Eagleton and his wife decided he would not seek another term in 1986, largely because he was disaffected by the pressures of fundraising. But the Eagletons kept the decision to themselves for two years. Senator Eagleton now practices law and teaches in St. Louis.

There were about three compelling reasons not to seek reelection, and the money-raising factor was very high on the list. I just did not want to go through what I called the tin-cup routine—that is, begging for money, literally, from Maine to Hawaii. Psychologically, I didn't want to do it. It was just making me view the whole process of seeking reelection in a very negative way. My wife and I knew in '80 that that was the last one I was going to go through. After raising $1.3 million, I said, "I'm just not going to do the tin-cupping again."

So the question of where the money was going to come from wasn't a problem for me for the final six years. When Mr. X came in to see me on behalf of, or opposed to, a certain amendment, I didn't have to put money on the scale and say, "How does this factor out in fundraising?"—as might be the case if I were running for reelection. If I'd been thinking of running again, I'd have said, "That's a good potential fundraising source. Those people are some big bucks."

From '80 to '86, the cost of a Senate race in Missouri on the Democratic side went up three and a half times. Thus, for the last two years, a senator is personally spending 60 or 70 percent of his time either thinking about, planning, or implementing fundraising strategy. And the other 30 percent, he is spending being a senator.

I had any number of senators come up to me and say, "Someday I guess I'll make the decision to retire. I know how you feel about the money-raising thing. God, I feel the same as you do...except I just want one more term." You could talk privately to a hundred members of the Senate—90 of them would deplore the present fundraising system. But not all 90 of them would vote to change it.

►Senator Kent Conrad of North Dakota

In 1986, Kent Conrad won a narrow election in a senatorial campaign that was extraordinarily expensive for that state. Total spending was about six times what it had been six years earlier. Both Conrad and his opponent, Republican in-

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Mondale: It Was A Nightmare

by Tom Hamburger

"You can't imagine the nightmare of this," says Walter Mondale.

The nightmare was his schedule. In the years he spent running for president, between 50 to 60 percent of his waking time was devoted to the quest for funds, according to a review of Mondale's schedule and interviews with him and his aides.

On Sunday, June 26, 1983, for instance, the campaign hired a helicopter to fly Mondale to four New Jersey communities. But if you couldn't pay the $500 to $1,000 admission fee, Mondale probably wouldn't see you. And don't try this "I want to meet the candidate before I decide to contribute" stuff either. It's cash up front. No money, no Mondale.

With individual contributions limited to $1,000, Mondale had to greet a lot of people. "In the early days, you'd go to a home and you'd raise $20,000 and you'd say 'Wow,'" Mondale said. "But when you realize you're short of your goal" you'd try to make sure the financial returns were guaranteed. So Mondale adopted the no-more-auditions rule and tried to attend a fundraiser only if the return of $50,000 was likely.

While television shows the candidates seeking votes at the factory gates and on the dairy farms, Mondale said, the real campaign footage should show them "going from living room to living room, from banquet hall to banquet hall" soliciting funds.

"The pressure to raise money drives the candidate to fundraiser after fundraiser until it absorbs his entire campaign," Mondale said. "Even without knowing it, the pressure of fundraising can move a candidate away from poverty issues, children's issues, and education concerns, and toward the things in which you can raise money."

"Fundamentally it's wrong, because it takes so much of your time to raise money when you should be with the public answering questions." □

Tom Hamburger reports from the Washington bureau of the Minneapolis-St. Paul Star Tribune.

A week in Mondale's presidential campaign

Tuesday, June 21, 1983

2:20 p.m./Leave for New York City.

5:15 p.m./$1,000-per-person reception at the 21 Club. Estimated amount raised: $50,000.

6:15 p.m./$1,000-per-couple fund-raiser with real-estate people. Estimated amount raised: $25,000.

7:45 p.m./$1,000-per-couple fund-raiser dinner. Estimated amount raised: $50,000.

Wednesday, June 22

8:05 a.m./$1,000-per-person fund-raiser breakfast. Estimated amount raised: $25,000.

9:15 a.m./Return to Washington, D.C.

1:15 p.m./Return to airport for flight to Philadelphia.

5:30 p.m./$250-per-person fund-raiser. Estimated amount raised: $25,000.

6:45 p.m./Fund-raiser at private home. Estimate unavailable.

Thursday, June 23

8:10 a.m./$500-per-person fund-raiser breakfast. Estimated amount raised: $10,000 to $12,500.

9:55 a.m./Fly to Pittsburgh.

11 a.m./Arrive in Pittsburgh and meet with David Roderick, chairman of the board of U.S. Steel.

Noon/Attend lunch organized by Roderick and Pittsburgh's mayor.

5:45 p.m./Private meeting with fund-raiser.

6:30 p.m./$1,000-per-person fund-raiser cocktail party. Estimated amount raised: $50,000.

7:45 p.m./$1,000-per-couple fund-raiser at private home. Estimated amount raised: $25,000.

9:30 p.m./Return to Washington, D.C.

Friday, June 24

Part of the day devoted to making telephone contribution requests.

Saturday, June 25

Noon/Depart for Minneapolis.

2 p.m./Arrive in Minneapolis and meet with Tom Borman, Minnesota fund-raiser, and campaign staff.

4:30 p.m./$50-per-person fund-raiser with farmers. Estimated amount raised: $5,000.

Sat., June 25 (cont.)

5:45 p.m./$500-per-couple fund-raiser. Estimated amount raised: $62,500.

7 p.m./$100-per-person reception at the Landmark Center in St. Paul. Estimated amount raised: $25,000.

8:45 p.m./Return to North Oaks home.

Sunday, June 26

7:30 a.m./Fly to New York City, then pick up helicopter and fly to Secaucus, N.J.

12:10 p.m./Drive to a $500-per-person fund-raiser. Estimated amount raised: $125,000.

1:45 p.m./Take helicopter to Princeton, N.J.

2:20 p.m./$250-per-person fund-raiser at private home. Estimated amount raised: $37,500.

3:20 p.m./Take helicopter to Orange, N.J.

4:45 p.m./$500-per-person fund-raiser at private home. Estimated amount raised: $50,000.

5:45 p.m./Take helicopter to Saddle River, N.J.

6:30 p.m./$500-per-person reception at private home. Estimated amount raised: $50,000.

7:45 p.m./Fly to New York City.

Monday, June 27

8:15 a.m./Reception for lawyers paying $100 to $250 each. Estimated amount raised: $15,000 to $37,500.

9:30 a.m./Visit headquarters of Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union.

2:30 p.m./$250-per-person fund-raiser. Estimated amount raised: $25,000.

4:15 p.m./Meet with staff.

6:50 p.m./Fund-raiser hosted by New York area officials. Estimated amount raised: $50,000 to $60,000.

8 p.m./Fund-raiser dinner at private home. Estimated amount raised: $20,000 to $25,000.

Tuesday, June 28

9:15 a.m./Private meetings with potential fund-raisers and others.

1 p.m./Depart for Atlanta.

4 p.m./Meet with Georgia supporters, press and staff.

6 p.m./Attend fund-raiser. Estimated amount raised: $30,000.

Note The amounts raised at each fund-raiser listed above are estimates arrived at by multiplying admission price by turn-out predictions in Mondale's travel schedules.

Source Mondale campaign documents

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Michael Barnes: "I was standing next to a guy who, as he put his card in the machine, said, 'You know I was going to vote against the industry on this thing, but what the hell, I can use the $5,000.'"

cumbent Mark Andrews, got half their money from PACs, far more than the average in a senatorial contest. And both traveled to distant states in search of contributions from wealthy individuals.

You ask if I've already started raising money for the next time. The answer is absolutely.

Those who want to represent the broad public interest find themselves in a terrible dilemma. If you're going to run successfully in the country today, you have to have sufficient funds to do so. Take my own state. I spent about $900,000 in my campaign, my opponent probably three times that much. There's no way you can raise that kind of money in a state like North Dakota. So you're going to California to raise money for a race in North Dakota. You're going to New York to raise money for a race in North Dakota. It just doesn't make any sense. It's in the national interest to put a cap on spending.

►Congressman Mike Synar of Oklahoma

Since he came to the House in 1978 at the age of 28, Mike Synar has been one of the few members of Congress who refuse to accept campaign contributions from PACs. He says he raises all he needs from two mammoth barbecues a year—one in his district and one in Washington. Those are unusually successful events. In the 1984 and 1986 elections, he took in $335,000 and $271,000, respectively. Synar is an advocate of campaign-finance reform and of government aid to election campaigns in particular.

In 1978 when I ran for office, a winning person spent about $52,000 to get elected. Today that number is over $400,000. What that means is that someone like Mike Synar, if he was sitting in Muskogee, Oklahoma today, could not run for the United States Congress.

The second problem is the amount of time that a member of Congress has to spend raising money. When you figure that an average race costs $400,000 to win, and you figure that there's only 24 months in a campaign cycle, and you divide those out, you're talking about having to raise somewhere in the neighborhood of $20,000 a month. Think of the amount of time that you have to focus to do that.

With more and more demands on the elected officials' time, they try to seek the path of least resistance, and the path of least resistance is large globs of money from political action committees. So PACs have a disproportionate role in the process. Individual contributors aren't competitive with PACs.

How bad is it? Well, I'll tell you how bad it is. If you're a Republican from Oklahoma and you want to run against Mike Synar today, you could fly here to Washington, D.C. and based upon my liberal voting record walk around this town for two days and raise $250,000 and become a legitimate candidate for my office without ever having raised a penny in my home district. I think there's something wrong when you can become a legitimate candidate without showing any sense of support financially or organizationally within your own district.

►Congressman Jim Leach of Iowa

Jim Leach is one of a handful of House members who refuse to take campaign money from PACs and is at the forefront of the campaign-reform movement in the House. In 1985 and 1986, he joined with Synar in sponsoring a bill to limit the amount of PAC money any House candidate could receive in an election.

Prohibit group giving, period. I'd make all contributions individual. I would also prohibit giving from outside the state. Why allow an Iowan to influence a Nebraskan or a New Yorker to influence a Californian? That's why in my own campaigns I don't accept PACs and I also don't accept out-of-state gifts.

We have $10 or $20 receptions throughout the district. We have a hog roast, we have barbecues

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in which we seek small contributions. But it's very time-consuming and difficult as contrasted with the people around Washington. Every night of the week here, there's a reception at the Capitol Hill Club for candidates, and they can raise $10,000 to $150,000. That takes me three weeks. Twenty events. But on the other hand, my way gets more people involved in the process. And I think it makes them feel a little bit more part of it. For example, how much a part of a campaign is someone going to feel if they give $10 to a candidate who just got $10,000 from ten different unions? Or ten different businesses?

►Congresswoman Claudine Schneider of Rhode Island

When Claudine Schneider first ran for Congress in 1978, she raised a total of $40,000—almost all through bake sales, art auctions, and the like. PACs that year gave her a grand total of $1,700. Yet she received 48 percent of the vote. So when she ran again in 1980, her cause was no longer regarded as hopeless and the PACs came through with nearly $106,000. She won comfortably that year, with 55 percent of the vote. In ensuing years, her popularity has increased (she has won, successively, 62 percent, 68 percent, and, in 1986, 72 percent of the vote) and so has the PAC money she has received. In 1986, even though she does not sit on any of the lucrative "PAC heaven" committees, she received $163,000 from PACs, nearly half her total campaign receipts.

When I went to the PACs for money in 1978, they said, "You've got to be kidding. Rhode Island is a hard-core Democratic state. They haven't had a Republican since 1938. Not a chance." Secondly, the comments were, "Wait a minute, that's a very ethnic state." We have a lot of Italians in my district, and I had many older Italian men and women say to me, "You know, you ought to be home making spaghetti and having babies." And that was very frustrating. And the PACs basically anticipated that: "The likelihood of [the voters] selecting a woman is pretty slim. So I'm afraid we, you know, can't help you on two counts." So it was both a woman and a Republican that were the deterrents to many to make contributions.

I don't spend much time raising PAC money at all, now. It didn't require a whole lot of effort to go and raise the $163,000 of PAC money I got in 1986. The fact is that it was coming in; I wasn't about to say, "Hold off, boys." My feeling is whenever I can raise money, even though I got 68 percent of the vote, or whatever, is that what I raise today, I won't have to raise tomorrow. I spend more time strategizing and trying to figure out who I would like to get money from that I haven't yet. I'm on the Science and Technology Committee. So what am I doing that would be of interest to, for example, the high-tech community?

►Former Congressman Toby Moffett of Connecticut

Toby Moffett was 30 years old when he was elected to Congress as a member of the post-Watergate class of 1974. He soon won a seat on the House Energy and Commerce Committee, one of the PAC hot spots, handling legislation regulating the oil, chemical, broadcasting, and health industries. An unalloyed liberal (he might prefer the term "progressive"), he made an unsuccessful run for the U.S. Senate in 1982 against incumbent Republican Lowell Weicker. He is now a TV anchorman in Hartford.

In my 1982 Senate race, we had some fundraising people, the kinds of people that you bring on when you've got to raise a lot of money—I mean, very cold-blooded. You know, never mind the issues, let's get the money in. And I remember very, very well their telling me in, maybe September, that we had to come up with $25,000 immediately for a down payment on a television buy. And I remember sitting down with a member of the House from the farm states, and he said, "How's it going?" I said, "Horrible, I've got to come up with $25,000." He said, "How about some dairy money?" And I said, "Oh, no! I can't do that." Remember in the seventies, dairy money had a pretty bad name.

He said, "Well, I can get you ten or fifteen thousand." I said, "Really?" He said, "Yeah. You know, your record has been pretty good on those issues. I think I can do it." Well, I went back to him the next day and said, "Let's do it."

By the time I got to the last month of the campaign, I was telling my wife and my close friends that here I was, somebody who took less PAC money, I think, than anybody running that year, but I felt strongly that I wasn't going to be the kind of senator that I had planned on being when I started out. I felt like they were taking a piece out of me. One day it was insurance money, the next day it was dairy money.

I remember during the Carter years, right in the middle of the hospital-cost-control vote—the hospitals and the AMA were just throwing money at the [House Commerce] Committee

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[which was handling the bill] as fast as they could. It was coming in wheelbarrows. The PACs took those 10 or 15 [swing] votes, and they really went to work on 'em. It was just no secret.

►Former Congressman Bob Edgar of Pennsylvania

Bob Edgar was elected to a lopsidedly Republican congressional district in the Philadelphia suburbs in the post-Watergate year, 1974. In 1986 he left the House and made an unsuccessful run for the U.S. Senate.

A hundred days before the November 1986 election for the Senate, I realized that I had to raise $2.5 million. That's $25,000 a day, every day, from that hundredth day down to zero. Anyone who has ever raised money knows that if you're a really good fundraiser, you can probably raise $25,000 in one event. Think about raising that today and waking up tomorrow morning knowing you had to raise it tomorrow, the next day, the following day, to raise enough money to continue to keep your message on the air. Eighty percent of my time, 80 percent of my staff's time, 80 percent of my events and meetings were fundraisers.

It has a terrible impact on you, when you start making choices in your schedule. Rather than going to a senior center, I would go to a party where I could raise $3,000 or $4,000. I started to go to fundraising events—three, four, five a day. That whole fundraising fever has a dramatic impact on a campaign that wants to talk peace-and-justice issues, women's rights, senior-citizen rights, environmental issues.

So, in addition to some form of public-private financing of campaigns, I'm very much for opening up the airwaves so that people can get access to their candidates without the candidates having to spend a bundle. They're public airwaves.

►Former Congressman Tom Railsback of Illinois

In the House, where he represented a southeastern Illinois district from 1966 to 1982, Railsback's name was associated prominently with the cause of campaign-finance reform. Along with his Democratic colleague, Dave Obey of Wisconsin, he sponsored the Obey-Railsback bill, to limit the amount of money any congressional candidate could receive from PACs. In 1982, Railsback was defeated in the primary by a conservative Republican. He now practices law in Washington, D.C.

When I became ranking Republican on the Judiciary subcommittee that dealt with patents and copyrights, I thought it was just a subordinate, secondary committee. Then we got into this doggone copyright revision that occurred in the mid-seventies. All of a sudden, the members of that subcommittee were the subject of lobbying activities by the broadcasters, by the sports people, by the movie industry, and by the cable-television industry. I have *never* been lobbied more intensely in my 20 years as a legislator. Suddenly there were trips to Hollywood, invitations to speak to broadcasters, invitations to speak to the cable industry, independent TV stations, and so forth.

►Senator Lawton Chiles of Florida

In 1970, as an unknown state senator, Lawton Chiles spent 92 days hiking across Florida and transformed his long-shot candidacy into a seat in the United States Senate.

In 1976, Chiles limited contributions to $10 and refused to accept contributions from out-of-state donors. In 1982, when the Republican party promised to underwrite his opponent heavily, he apologetically raised the ceiling to $100 but added a new restriction: he would not accept PAC contributions. Last year he announced he would not seek reelection in 1988.

When I sit down with my fellow senators, they say, "The bane of our existence is fundraising. We're having to do it over six years and we're having to go to Chicago, Los Angeles, New York, Florida. A lot of us spend a lot of time there. But that's what I have to do at night. That's what I have to do on weekends. And of course, for these big, big PACs, I have to be pretty careful about what my voting record is going to be."

I think if out-of-state contributions were prohibited, you'd have a better chance of those people in your state making the decision based on the merit of the candidate. I think if one candidate, who usually would be an incumbent, can go raise all kinds of out-of-state money, I think he can [distort] his record very much.

A lot of people seem to think that somebody gives you a PAC contribution, then they come in and say, "I expect you to vote for this." It never happens that way. All that person wants you to do is to take and take and take, and then when he comes in, he never says, "I expect." It's always on the basis of, "This is a big one for me, and maybe my job's on the line." He doesn't need to say anything more than that because the hook is already in you, and if you've taken it, you know it, and you *know* you know it. □

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TIDBITS AND OUTRAGES

LOOKS THAT KILL

After the recent Bing Bang Boom conference in Miami to promote the purchase of smaller weapons, the show's promoter said: "What we're trying to do is show the contemporary woman that she can carry a concealed weapon and still look good."

SURE, NOW IT SEEMS LIKE A QUIRKY HABIT, BUT COME OPENING DAY IT COULD COME IN PRETTY HANDY

In Kingston, Rhode Island, Sara Sprague, a high school student, has been sent to the principal for singing "The Star Spangled Banner."

THE BAND PLAYED "TAKE THE A TRAIN" AS THE GUEST OF HONOR MADE HIS WAY FROM THE BACK OF THE ROOM TO ACCEPT THE AWARD

At the 17th Anniversary Dinner of the New York State Rifle & Pistol Clubs, the guest of honor was Bernhard Goetz.

THEY'RE HOLDING OUT FOR INCREASED DENTAL BENEFITS AND A 13% COLA

According to the *Philadelphia Daily News*, the AFL-CIO cannot find a spokesman for their new TV ads.

BRING YOUR #2 FONDUE FORK TO THE EXAM

The Connecticut legislature is considering establishing a state license for restaurant critics.

AS A FLOOD OF JAPANESE IMPORTS CONTINUES TO SWEEP OVER OUR NATION'S SHORES, AMERICAN BUSINESS IS ROLLING UP ITS SLEEVES AND FIGHTING BACK WITH ONE IMPORTANT WORD: QUALITY

An executive of the Beech-Nut Company recently told *BusinessWeek* "So suppose the stuff was all flavor and sugar? . . . Why get so upset about it? Who were we hurting?"

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Why feminists should picket Washington's fancy restaurants.

Which Of The Following Can't Be Found In Fancy Restaurants?

a) Salmon With Dill
b) Dom Perignon
c) Waitresses

by Marianne Szegedy-Maszak

The tuxedos. The soft, diffused lighting that makes almost anyone look attractive. The power lawyers and power politicians, the power journalists and power lobbyists with power money sitting at that discreet table right near the pictures of the Redskins. (*"He'll never get confirmed," he whispered.*) The perfectly timed courses. The best wise-cracking waiters at the Palm. The ones with the Yves Montand accents at Maison Blanche. The Icelandic Arctic Char special. The all-male fleet of waiters that makes you wonder whatever happened to Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. That's what eating in most of Washington's power restaurants is all about.

It's so much a part of our culture as not to be noticed: the fancy restaurant that has everything except waitresses. Every city's got one, especially Washington, where you won't see waitresses at the rough-and-tumble, meat-and-potatoes enclaves like Joe and Mo's, Duke Zeibert's, Mel Krupin's, Gary's, or the Palm. They're not on the menu at the hushed and exquisite Le Pavillon or Maison Blanche.

But you can find women working the tables at places like the Kozy Korner Restaurant, right around the corner from the Palm. There you can have your steaming, roast turkey special ($5.75 including stuffing, potatoes, vegetable, roll, and butter) served up by Bernice ("but everybody calls me Bonnie") Stone, a waitress "in town for 46 years this August 12." She's quick to tell you that she sometimes makes $40 a day in tips for four hours of work. That plus her paycheck of about $25 a week will bring her just under $12,000 a year.

Tommy Jacomo, the manager of the Palm, is a little more reticent when the subject of money comes up. He estimates that his guys bring home "somewhere-around-seveneighthundred-a-week but I really can't discuss it." That plus a minimum wage salary, health benefits, a pension plan, and profit sharing makes the Palm, in Jacomo's words, "a dream job for a waiter. Utopia."

Marianne Szegedy-Maszak is a Washington writer.

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A dream job for a *waiter*. The power restaurants are not Utopia, but they undoubtedly offer good jobs. First, there's the money. While 86 percent of the 1.5 million people who wait tables in the United States are women, there aren't that many women who can make the $40,000 a year that waiters can take in at the Palm. No wonder a Labor Department study found that waiters across the country earned an average of $237 a week, while waitresses took home $168. For those graying and distinguished gentlemen who wait in the power restaurants, $237 can be the tip on a dinner for eight even if their customers pass up the Martell Napoleon with their Baked Alaska. "They make more than your boss," said Michael Bartlett, editor-in-chief of *Restaurants and Institutions*.

And these jobs are attractive for reasons besides the big bucks. The flexibility, the different shifts to accommodate children and family is there as it is not in most office jobs. And of course there's the cachet that draws all those Senior Partners to the corner tables in the first place. These are beautiful places, whether it's the studied casualness at the Palm or the deep banquettes at Lion d'Or. There's the chance to mingle with the power types in the evening or take home a little of that Icelandic salmon after hours. You could do a lot worse, and most women do. The question of why women haven't moved into the top restaurant jobs doesn't rank with suffrage, but it's a problem nonetheless. And it's one that offers a few insights not only into class and culture but into the women's movement as well.

Bonnie's biceps

Why aren't there women at the power restaurants? Washington restaurateurs insist they don't discriminate on the basis of sex, which would be a violation not only of Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act but the 1963 Equal Pay Act and local civil rights ordinances. But the reasons they offer for the lack of women are so unsatisfying that one wonders. They explain the absence of women with reasons ranging from the Freudian ("women can't cope with the pressure [of working in a French restaurant] as well as men," one told the *Post*) to the almost semiotic logic of the Palm's Jacomo. "Certain personalities of a restaurant can carry it, others can't," Jacomo says. "I would wonder if I went to the Playboy Club and saw a guy wearing a rabbit's outfit." And as Garth Weldon, manager of the Prime Rib told *The Washington Times*: "All our applicants are male. I don't know if wearing a tuxedo bothers [women] or what." A frequent refrain is that "women can't carry the trays." Tell Bonnie, who has hauled turkey platters for 40 years, that she doesn't have the muscles to carry pheasant.

If one wants proof that women can handle the demands of the top restaurants without dropping the silver, one need only look at those top restaurants that do have them. Walter Mondale and Elizabeth Taylor do not refuse to go to Dominique's because it has waitresses. Is New York's powerful 21 Club less powerful because it has waitresses? "They are absolutely wonderful," said Walter Weiss, the 21 Club's maitre d' and a man who is happy to answer questions. "They are absolutely great," Weiss said. "They are attentive, they are responsive, the public does not complain, they like them. The most important thing is that they must know their business and they do." But what about the elegance, I asked. "Young lady," he replied in his German accent, sounding like the bartender in *Casablanca*. "This is not the Stone Age."

Power restaurateurs *can* point to the dearth of applications from women. Paula Callacappa, the director of personnel for the 21 Club, said that only one in ten of their applicants are women. "I'd hire them if I could," explained Mel Krupin, "but nobody applies." The idea that *no* women apply to top restaurants is nonsense, says Judy Goldsmith, former president of the National Organization for Women. But she acknowledges that the applications haven't been rolling in. "It is not surprising that after years and decades of trying to get in, women have ceased trying," she says.

That's certainly true of Gail Larocca. In her early thirties, she's waited tables for more than ten years in Washington and New York. "I don't want to waste my time," she said. "It's a foregone conclusion that they don't hire women because you go into these places and you see only men. It doesn't make any difference if I can do the job or not." In those rare cases when women do apply, two things often happen: They are either told that there are no openings, or their applications are taken and they never hear back from the restaurant again. The waitresses simply try another place, with no proof that they have been discriminated against.

You might be thinking that there's simple legal recourse. "I think that waitresses should begin to organize and then start filing more aggressive class action suits," says Betty Friedan, as if ex-

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plaining for the thirteenth time how to make scrambled eggs to a hapless male. But that is not so easy. Sure, there have been a handful of successful lawsuits against power restaurants, but their numbers are few. In 1974, the New York Civil Liberties Union won a lawsuit against 11 premier New York restaurants, including such venerables as Cote Basque, 21 Club, and Lutece, forcing them to hire the plaintiffs. More recently, the Women's Legal Defense Fund (WLDF) filed a class action suit on behalf of two waitresses against Ridgewell's, the toney D.C. caterer, claiming that the company employed women only in food preparation, not food service. The company denied discrimination, but settled out of court for an undisclosed sum, said to be close to $1 million as dozens of women were compensated for back pay. In the Martin's Tavern case in Washington, the WLDF beat the Georgetown restaurant, forcing it to let seven women become waitresses and receive back pay.

Only a few waitresses can have the benefit of pro bono attorneys fighting for their rights. As a group, waitresses generally don't have a lot of time and money to be running to court. Any waitress that wanted to would have to apply for the job, then file a complaint at the Equal Employment Opportunity Office, and cross-file the same complaint at the District's Office of Human Rights. If, after a preliminary hearing, it was decided that the case should be pursued, there would be an investigation lasting four to six months.

Depending on the results of the investigation, there might be yet another hearing four to six months later. That's a lot of tips forsaken for a hunch. The OHR reports that of the 21 complaints brought against area restaurants between 1985 and 1987, ten were brought by women, but none led to a reinstatement.

"Generally, few people bring employment discrimination claims, not because there is no employment discrimination but because it is a big hassle to carry them through," said Donna Lenhoff of the WLDF.

Don't mourn, feminize

And it's not just legal barriers that keep women out of the top restaurants. There's the Catch-22 of skills: You need them to work in the top restaurants, but you can't get them without having worked in the top restaurants. What's the difference between a Dom Perignon and a Taittinger? How do you filet a Dover sole a la French Service? What's the proper wine with mako? "The problem is circular and it's as true for blacks as it is for women," said Phyllis Richman, a restaurant critic for *The Washington Post*. "They need experience to apply to these restaurants that they can only find in the restaurants that won't hire them in the first place." This was echoed by Ann Hartley, a co-owner of Maison Blanche. "We have a great deal of faith in the ability of women. If women had the talent and training that we require, they would be among those that we hired."

And in an odd way customers are to blame since they fuel the slow turnover that keeps openings few. They'll come in and ask for a particular waiter—sometimes because they expect to be entertained, in other cases because they wish to impress a client, in other cases because these are *extremely busy people* who would just as soon not have their *extremely valuable time* taken up with inconsequential things like saying "I would like a Perrier" rather than "the usual." No wonder turnover remains incredibly small. Mel Krupin's has waiters who have worked there for ten years, the Palm for 14 years, Maison Blanche for nine years. Why the attachment? Who knows what subconscious ghosts in us cry out for a male waiter? Cathy Enz, a business professor at the University of Indiana has a theory: "It is almost as if we operate under primitive notions of who is to provide food. Women are so often attached to providing food that when a man is doing it, it is, well, kind of awe inspiring."

One would assume that with the chance to get rid of some of that awe and to tame an all-male setting, feminists would go after the power restaurants with glee. But the issue is not in the forefront of their raised consciousness. When I first asked Betty Friedan about the absence of women at the top restaurants, she said: "You know, I never thought of that." I suspect that this simple obliviousness may explain much of why the movement doesn't make more of an issue of the dearth of women in power restaurants.

To be sure, some feminists have taken them on. The WLDF, plantiffs' attorney in the Martin's Tavern case, even puts out *The Waitresses Rights Handbook* complete with an introduction from Rhea Pearlman, who plays a feisty waitress on "Cheers." But other feminists are rich with reasons *not* to put the power restaurants high on the agenda. One reason is the The Eighties-Self-Reliance line: Waitresses have to rally themselves. Both Friedan and Goldsmith say that the days

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of the women's movement parachuting into a particular sector and organizing are over. "Outside organizers simply can't do it," Friedan says. While self-reliance is a trait to be encouraged in each of us, it doesn't seem like the best cry of the women's movement which, in the tradition of the civil rights movement, has gone ahead and helped those who can't help themselves, whether they're rape victims or single parent families. Waitresses are obviously not in the same predicament, but neither are they flush with cash and time to organize themselves.

Then there's the It's-Not-A-Big-Enough-Deal approach, the contention that federal legislation like abortion rights and alimony reform are where the attention should be. The hot issues right now, for instance, for the National Women's Political Caucus, are the Family and Medical Leave Act and the Act for Better Child Care—not waitresses. There seems to be the feeling that if the payoff isn't big, it's not worth pursuing. "It takes extraordinary interest in an issue to bring that issue to public attention," said Goldsmith. "The issue must be widespread, nationwide, coherent, and in the public eye over a sustained period of time for that issue to take hold."

But maybe not. The power restaurants of Washington are a battle ground where the women's movement just might be able to score an easy victory. A few well-placed pickets, a couple of press releases, and you would have TV cameras and klieg lights on K Street. That would not only get the word out for more waitresses to apply for these jobs but, more importantly, it would shame those liberal politicians and reporters who eat at the power restaurants. And then things would start to change. Would Ethel Kennedy, Eunice Shriver, or Ben Bradlee, regular patrons of Maison Blanche, still eat there if there was a women's protest outside? Could you still look inside the Palm and see Martin Peretz, owner of *The New Republic*, or Mel Krupin's and see Donald Graham, publisher of *The Washington Post*? Would those Professional Democrats, Bob Strauss and Charles Manatt, still throw an arm around Mel if the cameras and the protestors were there? Liberals would buckle, and I suspect that GOP diners wouldn't be exempt from becoming red in the face either. Nancy Reagan couldn't risk the embarrassment. In the face of that, restaurant owners would finally feel the pressure. The heat's on anyone who joins an all male club; it singes anyone who mutters a sexist syllable. Turn up the flame, and get the women into the Palm. □

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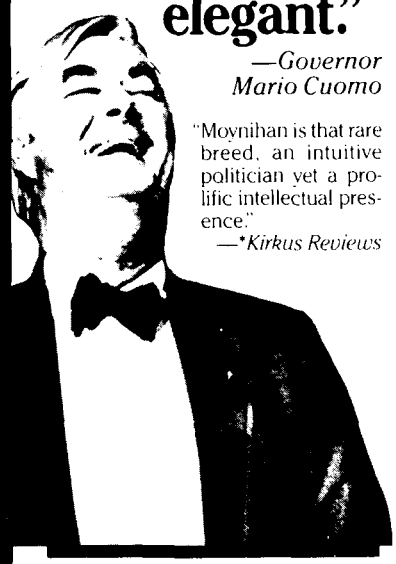

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Is Margaret Thatcher a Woman?

No woman is if she has to make it in a man's world.

by Polly Toynbee

Among world leaders, Mrs. Thatcher stands out in the crowd. In a row of suits, the eye is drawn to the single dress among Western leaders. Love her or loathe her, she isn't ignored. Women who succeed are twice as admired, because no one really thinks a woman can do it. As Dr. Johnson cruelly said, "The wonder is not that they do it well but that they do it at all."

So has she been a good thing for women? Most feminists say unequivocally, No. For her catalog of unsisterly sins is long, and growing.

The only prime minister since the war to appoint no woman to her cabinet, she has given fewer government jobs of any kind to women. Conservatives overwhelmingly predominate in the House of Commons, and the small number of women in Parliament is in large part due to the failure of the Conservative party to select women as candidates in any but the most hopeless seats.

She is a Queen Bee and she likes to stand out alone. In cabinet photographs, she doesn't want some other woman diverting the eye. The longer that there are no other women at the top in politics, the more remarkable her success looks.

However, the only reason she rose to such power herself was as a token woman. Edward Heath, the Conservative leader she eventually deposed, admits having appointed her to his cabinet as secretary of state for education only because he needed a statutory woman. After Heath lost the 1974 election, certain elements in the Conservative party were determined that he should go. Mrs. Thatcher, by a stroke of opportunism and daring, offered herself as a candidate against him when others demurred. She toppled Heath on the first ballot. It was a remarkable coup. Most of the Conservative members of Parliament had thought she had little chance. They only wanted to give Heath a fright. Imagine their horror when they found that, overnight, the most dominantly male, reactionary, and anti-woman party in the land had voted itself a right-wing woman leader and future prime minister.

She would probably not have made it to the cabinet if she hadn't been a token woman, for her politics were not in tune with the leadership of that time. She would never have made it to leader, albeit accidentally, if she hadn't been a woman. She has experienced nothing but advantage from her gender.

Once Thatcher was leader, everyone, or nearly everyone, said she could never be elected. The country was not ready for a woman prime minister, they said. The British were not accustomed to more than the occasional token woman in public life. As education minister, Mrs. Thatcher herself said in a television interview that she thought there would never be a woman prime minister in her lifetime.

According to feminists, we still haven't got a woman prime minister—not a real one. Mrs. Thatcher is only a surrogate man. When she first won the leadership of her party, she pronounced clearly to her press officer that she would never give interviews on the basis of being a woman.

Polly Toynbee, a former editor of The Washington Monthly, *is a columnist for* The Guardian *in London.*

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Drawing by Vint Lawrence

She was not interested in being a woman—and she certainly had no particular policies for women.

Do not imagine, either, that in some more subtle, back-door way, her womanhood has shone through. Women have lost, not gained, ground under her rule. Women at work have fewer employment rights. While women earned 75 percent of men's wages when an Equal Pay Act was passed in 1975, they now earn only 65 percent. Government ministers actually praise women's low pay, pointing out how low pay means women

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have more opportunities in the job market than men, and how job growth is greatest in women's sectors—cleaning, caring services, and catering. Her government has wriggled out from under European Economic Community directives on equal pay for work of equal value. She has packed the Equal Opportunities Commission with people guaranteed to render it silent and toothless.

On the welfare front, child benefits have been reduced, along with social security payments. The cuts have fallen hardest on the largest and most vulnerable group of welfare recipients—single mothers. At the same time she has introduced a new divorce law designed to let men pay less maintenance to their families. So with 84 percent of single mothers divorced, a higher proportion are on welfare—more since the new divorce law.

A man might not have gotten away with all this. Male politicians can always be made to feel at least a little guilty about women. But Mrs. Thatcher is a woman—no guilt there. It took a woman to put down women's rights so effectively. It took a woman to brave all the accusations about not caring for the old, the sick, the poor, and the helpless in a country that still firmly believes in the welfare state. It took a mother to do in mothers, a wife to do in wives, a working woman to do in working women. Womanhood has been her ace card, never her Achilles heel.

Sacrifice the children

This has left the women's movement virtually speechless. So, you've got a woman prime minister—what more do you want? What is the point of putting more women into power when they act no differently (or worse than) men? Gone is all that woolly rhetoric about how women are all sisters under the skin. Gone is that curious mysticism of the seventies that dwelled upon some imaginary golden age of matriarchy, where under women's power there would be no hierarchy, no war, no ambition. Gone is the idea that sisters are essentially, genetically, spiritually better than men.

(Or almost gone. You will still hear some such incantations from the weird sisters to be found outside the gates of Greenham Common—the ferociously feminist pacifists camping out against Cruise missiles.)

So how is she to be explained? The explanation goes like this: one woman doesn't make a matriarchy. In order to succeed in the most male of all worlds—politics—a woman has to make herself into an imitation man. Worse, she has to be twice as tough. To prove she is as good as them, she's got to be one of the boys. Being one of the boys means cutting off the girls. It means refusing to admit you are a girl. And just to prove it, you have to be twice as brutal to them, twice as savage.

After all, she has had to make big sacrifices in her life to get where she is. She never managed to Have It All. She married a rich and stupid man who had all the necessary credentials to help her on her way. Few imagine it was a love match. First, Denis Thatcher had money, which is essential in the Tory party. Second, he had little ambition for himself. Thirdly, he was willing to let her forceful ambition have its head. Those who are close to Mrs. Thatcher believe she will go on until she drops rather than go into a contented retirement with boring old Denis.

Then she had to sacrifice her children. She entered Parliament when her twin children were only two years old. Those who know her well say that privately she has a deep and strong sense of guilt and regret about them. Politics and young children combine particularly badly in Britain, where the House of Commons sits from 3 p.m. until midnight most days, and often later.

Whether it's their mother's fault or not (she feels it is), her children have become a slightly pathetic national spectacle, which is rare in Britain where prime ministers' children have usually remained quite private and unknown. People hardly knew the names of Harold Wilson's sons. But Margaret Thatcher's childrens' careers and public image bear little relation to the kind of values she promotes, nor much resemblance to her own rigorous upbringing as a small town shopkeeper's daughter. Their public image is too public and mostly unattractive and unsuccessful. Mark made a bad start as a racing driver. He is now married to a Texas millionairess and makes his living out of business consultancies. Carol is making an embarrassing career in journalism where her name is her main asset.

So Mrs. Thatcher the woman has had to sacrifice many of the joys of a happy family to get where she is—just the way top men do. She got where she is by climbing up the men's ladder, behaving like a man, sacrificing like a man, and being ten times tougher than all the men around her. There was no other way it could be done. And now that some women are breaking through to the top in most occupations there are women like her all over the place—in their executive suits with the little string ties or floppy jabots and

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padded power-dressing shoulders.

Mrs. Thatcher is the icon for today's successful woman. She's never complained about being a woman—she's turned it to her advantage. She despises whining women. If she can do it the hard way, why can't every other woman with the guts and determination?

Feminists respond that Mrs. Thatcher is no sister because she has led a man's life. If there were more women at the top, more women in power, the argument goes, then the entire nature of life, work, and power would change. If there were enough women on the ladder, they could insist that abandoning family and children was not the inevitable price of professional success. Men too would be freed to spend more time at home. Career patterns would change. Flexible work arrangements would be the norm. No promotion need be lost to go part-time for a year or two when the children are young. Men and women with young families need not find themselves working the longest overtime in their lives under the greatest stress, just when they most need to be at home more. Offices, organizations, power structures could be thus "feminized" to the great benefit of men and women everywhere.

This will be difficult to do. How do you hold back the ambitious striving for success in the years when children are young, the very same years when a career is at a critical stage in the making? Who dares try it first, for fear of others overtaking them in their absence?

But unless it is made possible, women will never be equal, not in any great numbers. Most will not be willing to sacrifice their families as Mrs. Thatcher has. Women will still have to choose between children and top jobs, in a way no man is ever expected to do. Successful men will go on being largely irrelevant to their families' lives, except as bread winners.

Gradually, there will be changes, when there are enough women at the top to prevent them all having to turn themselves into Mrs. Thatchers. When there are enough women for them not to have to prove they are one of the boys. When there are enough women struggling to bring up children and keep up a high-powered career. When there are so many of them that it will be safe for them to admit they have a problem and not to hide it. When there are so many women in valued positions that companies and organizations can no longer shirk their responsibilities to their employees' families.

Just by being there Mrs. Thatcher has done more for women than most feminists recognize. No one says any longer in Britain that a woman couldn't do such-and-such a job, in the way they did before her. There is a lot less talk—especially on the Conservative benches of the House of Commons—about the woman's place being in the home. The image of the successful go-getting woman is now chic, where it used to be unfeminine or Joan Collins voracious. Advertisers, way ahead of the statistical reality, now show endless images of briefcase-toting women with their American Express Gold Cards, a success symbol more enticing than a mere businessman.

The Thatcher trap

Powerful women are in fashion, though they aren't anywhere else for the figures show how little and how slowly things have changed. The image has chased far ahead of the reality. Just as Mrs. Thatcher has heralded no change in the numbers of women in politics, so one or two women on prominent company boards does not mean a significant increase in numbers of women in junior- and middle-management, nor in the middle or high ranks of the civil service.

But if Mrs. Thatcher has helped the image of women in some ways, she has also helped perpetuate the pernicious myth that most women can make it without any change in present structures. There she stands, awesome in her successes, the perfect representation of the macho woman, the surrogate man.

In criticizing Mrs. Thatcher as a surrogate man, feminists mean she has betrayed women—not only politically but spiritually. Antifeminists mutter the same thing. She is abhorrent, anathema, unfeminine. She is herself destroying what is most precious and treasured about womanhood in pursuit of mere manly power.

Hardline feminists and antifeminists have colluded in the past to provide a model for maleness and femaleness that has the same unsavory roots. Feminists say women are better. Antifeminists say so too, but don't really mean it. (They mean they love their mothers more than their fathers.) Feminists say women are in touch with nature, with friendship, with humanity, while men are emotionally retarded, stunted beings, competitive and warlike in their inadequacy.

In clinging to the "specialness" of women, the feminists destroy themselves. What is important about women is how very little different they are from men. Research has shown repeatedly how the differences in class, education, race,

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background, and emotional experience are far greater between human beings than the gender differences between men and women. Of course there are differences, few would deny it—but they are less important than other differences. And yet the most important dividing line society makes is usually between boys and girls, men and women.

The real difference comes in women's and men's lives and expectations. Despite the social changes of the past quarter century, most women still expect to be largely responsible for the upbringing of their children. Few men do. If women don't care enough for their children, they know their children risk neglect. If men don't care enough, they know their wives will. That is the only important difference and it affects every aspect of all our lives from earliest social awareness. How much or how little chromosones fit into this pattern pales into insignificance beside this near-universal fact.

So Mrs. Thatcher, and tough women like her, pretend they have escaped the trap—but they haven't. They've done it at their children's expense, and at their own, in ways men never have to. Either you have no children, and you lose out on an essential aspect of human life. Or you have children, and they lose out. Successful Mrs. Thatchers who make it on men's terms change little for most women. It is all image and no content. Ostensible barriers may have fallen, but the real tactical barriers are as high as ever.

Mrs. Thatcher as an icon for women is a confusing image. So near and yet so far. She has made it look so easy. And yet so little has changed. □

THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY Journalism Award

for February 1988 is presented to

Fred Barnes
The New Republic

Rep. John. P. Hiler of Indiana entered Congress in 1981 wanting to change the world. But like most congressmen, Barnes reports, Hiler was "soon transformed into a drudge, a workaholic with little time for what he calls 'macro issues,' and an obsession with the parochial interests of his district." Barnes details how tasks like raising campaign funds, answering constituent mail, and lobbying for local interests consume Hiler's schedule. It's a mind-numbing and often demeaning job.

Alix M. Freedman
The Wall Street Journal

"Gimme one bird," mumbles a grizzled Bowery wino. The clerk in the discount liquor store needs no further explanation. It's Thunderbird the man craves, Gallo's low-cost, high-alcohol wine. The makers of these skid-row wines deal in a $500 million misery market, one growing faster than the industry norm. But Freedman reports that Gallo, Mogen David, and other producers are so reluctant to be associated with these lucrative products they won't put their names on the label.

Myron Levin
APF Reporter

In the 1950s, Kent cigarettes boasted "the greatest health protection in cigarette history." How? With "micronite" filters, made from asbestos. The health effects on the smokers who puffed 13 billion Kents from 1952 to 1957, when the filters were in use, haven't been established. But Levin found that an unusually high proportion of the workers who manufactured the filter have suffered from asbestos-related deaths. One study of 36 such workers found 29 dead, more than half of them from asbestos-related diseases.

The Monthly Journalism Award is presented each month to the best newspaper, magazine, television, or radio story (or series of stories) on our political system. Nominations for any newspaper, magazine, or radio or television station in the country are welcome. The subject can be government in its federal, state, or municipal manifestation.

The award for stories published or aired in March will be announced in the June issue. Nominations for stories published or aired in April will close May 15. The winner will be announced in the July/August issue. Two copies of the article or broadcast text should accompany the nomination.

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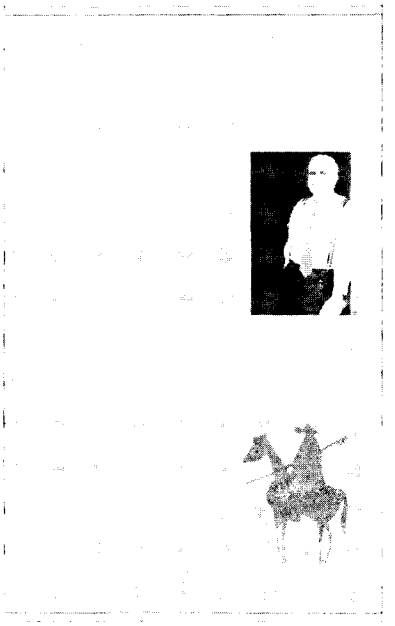

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WHO'S WHO

With **Jesse Jackson** and **Michael Dukakis** in almost a dead heat at the beginning of last month, Democratic Washington was busy speculating on the nominees that might emerge from a brokered convention. (See "Tilting at Windmills.") If the choice were left to Democrats in the Senate, it is clear that the race would come down to three men: **Bill Bradley**, **Sam Nunn**, and a third senator, who, although urged to run in both 1984 and 1988, refused because of concern about the problems that might arise when the news of his long-term mistress inevitably emerged. Since the senator is a wise and able man who many think would make an excellent president, one veteran observer we know points to this as a case where the media's fascination with the sex lives of political leaders has done more harm than good.

Nunn is not running, his friends say, because the position he has attained in the Senate has given him all the power he wants. There are two explanations for Bradley's failure to make himself available. The cynical one is that he thinks a depression is coming and he doesn't want to be Herbert Hoover. The other, which we find more credible, is that he doesn't think he's ready. In either case, our veteran observer thinks Bradley may be making a mistake:

"Golden boys like Bradley and **Pete Dawkins** get so many job offers in their twenties and thirties they get to thinking that life is always going to let them choose what they want to do and when they want to do it, but the cruel fact is that the closer the golden boy gets to the top the less it is likely that the openings are going to conveniently coincide with his own timetable. With the presidency, the opening comes only every four years and those willing to support you now may have another favorite the next time around.". . .

For all the conversation sparked by **Larry Speakes**'s new book, *Speaking Out*, its most telling anecdotes have received no attention. **Robert "Bud" McFarlane** is described as the "best" of **Reagan**'s first four National Security Council directors—who also included **Richard Allen**, **William Clark**, and **John Poindexter**—"but Bud was certainly no superstar." Speakes attributes the mediocrity of the NSC to the fact "the president and his top aides—**Jim Baker**, **Ed Meese**, **Mike Deaver**, and **Don Regan** had such low regard for the position of NSC director that they paid little attention to those who held the post."

The quality of NSC subordinates reflected that of their superiors. Speakes tells of a call from **Karna Small**, who worked very closely under McFarlane, before the inauguration, inquiring as to whether the event would take place "at the White House or the Capitol."

Even White House almuni such as **Richard Darman** and **David Gergen**, who previously had had few gloves laid on them by critics, do not escape Speakes's stiletto. Thus "while **[James] Brady** was lying at death's door in the hospital, Gergen went to Baker and suggested that he be given the title of press secretary in place of Brady." Gergen, Speakes further alleges, was "extremely disorganized" and "always trying to stab me in the back."

After Speakes told a reporter that Darman was "the ultimate second-guesser," Darman wrote this personal and confidential message to Speakes:

"It has been my experience that the wheel turns 'round and 'round in this town. Please be assured that the next time I am in a position to influence the prospects of your success, failure, or capacity to serve, I shall remember your thoughts."

Speakes could be similarly gracious to those he felt had been unkind to him: He liked to call attention to Gergen's resemblance to a giraffe:

"The podium in the briefing room is motorized so that you can adjust its height. Before Gergen would brief, **Mark Weinberg** of my staff would go out and drop the podium to its lowest height. Then Gergen would go in and tower over it like Ichabod Crane. He was never able to figure out why the podium struck him well below the waist.". . .

In—*White House*: Director of the Office of Cabinet Affairs—**Kay Woodward**; Associate Director, Office of Public Liaison—**Curt W. Anderson**. *Commerce*: Assistant Secretary for Export Enforcement—**G. Philip Hughes**; Undersecretary for Export Administration—**Paul Freedenberg**. *Defense*: Assistant Secretary for Command, Control, Communications, and Intelligence, SDI Organization—**Dr. Gordon A. Smith**. *Justice*: Associate Attorney Gereral—**Francis A. Keating**. *Labor*: Assistant Secretary for Mine Safety and Health—**David C. O'Neal**. *Transportation*: Assistant Secretary for Governmental Affairs—**Edward R. Hamburger**.

Out—*White House*: Associate Director, Office of Public Liaison—**Mildred J. Webber**. *Education*: Assistant Secretary, Postsecondary Education—**C. Ronald Kimberling**. *Health and Human Services*: Assistant Secretary for Legislation—**Ronald F. Docksai**. *Justice*: Deputy Attorney General—**Arnold I. Burns**; Associate Attorney General—**Stephen S. Trott**; Assistant Attorney General, Criminal Division—**William F. Weld**; Associate Deputy Attorney General—**Randy L. Levine**; Associate Deputy Attorney General—**Boykin Rose**; *State*: Assistant Secretary and Coordinator for International Communication and Information Policy—**Diana Lady Dougan.**

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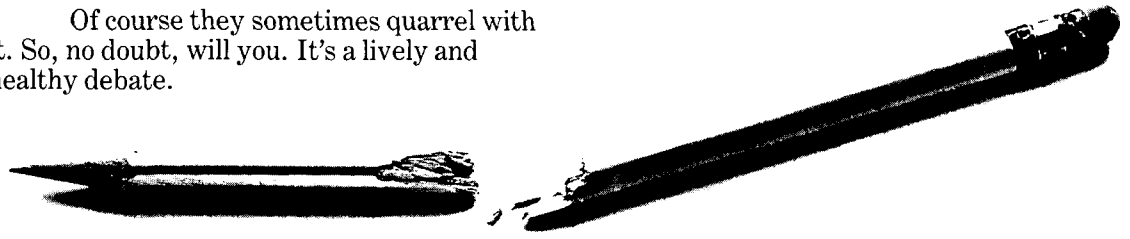

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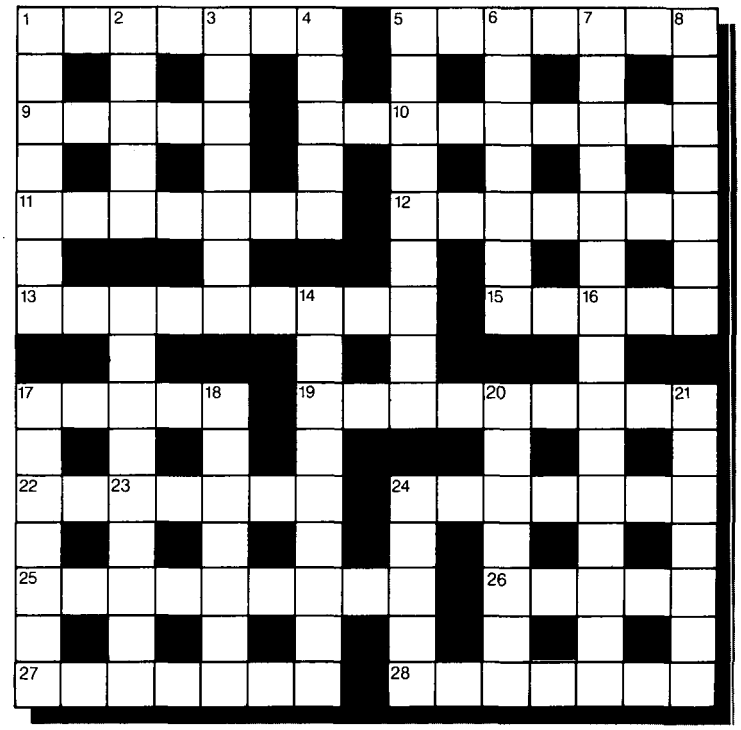
POLITICAL PUZZLE

by John Barclay

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g. (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g. USA, are treated as one word.



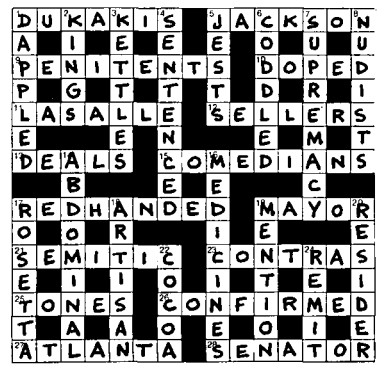
ACROSS

1. Energy strewn capriciously in one area. (7)
5. Time for assembling most of clarinet. (7)
9. Path surrounded by water, we hear. (5)
10. Japanese coin element container for movie star. (3,3,3)
11. Six sheep caught short. (7)
12. Asia Minor site for domestic sheep cavorting. (7)
13. Sis cursed about way to focus again on point. (9)
15. Steal popular spring feature. (5)
17. Strange sounding Pennsylvania city. (5)
19. Pitch and zero, for example. (9)
22. Transported racier arrangement to radio center. (7)
24. Upset busmen with a special ray. (7)
25. Disturbed rest you took to gain in water race. (9)
26. Carefully tutor water creature. (5)
27. Time for the nearest to assemble. (7)
28. Candidate support if 99 follow for a time. (7)

DOWN

1. Wide receiver shuffles paper for protection. (7)
2. Send super cure for hang-up. (9)
3. Hatfields and McCoys see mine developed. (7)
4. Direction the White House should not have taken. (5)
5. Agreement to include confused son in count. (9)
6. Placing tin here is equally ineffective. (7)
7. Tax considerations causing tears. (5)
8. Crushes farm heir? (5,2)
14. Buttons for all moods? (2,3,4)
16. Fit of bent model taken orally. (7,2)
17. Leading English clones organized to go around. (7)
18. Letter about pet lies. (7)
20. Real nut chopped fish without license. (7)
21. Middle Eastern honors coming up around 1001. (7)
23. Ceremonies about Constitutional guarantees of speech? (5)
24. Takes off clothing backwards to relax. (5)

Answers to last month's puzzle:



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No one can remember a funny moment with Michael Dukakis.

The Iceman Cometh

by Christopher Lydon

Michael Dukakis came of age at a moment in the 1950s when young Jewish professionals were converting the Brahmin Republican politics of his hometown Brookline, Massachusetts—when Elliot Richardson's town, so to speak, was being taken over by Dick Goodwin's brother Herb and their law-school generation. It was also the very moment when John F. Kennedy (another Brookline Native) was introducing a different class of politics in Massachusetts and opening a Tong rivalry with House Speaker John McCormack and his nephew Edward.

Irish Democrats in droves said farewell to the puffy pink faces and sticky fingers of all the Knockos and Jockos, Dittos and Up Up Kellys of *The Last Hurrah*; hello to the suburbs, Ivy League suits, and Reform!

Dukakis's long rule in Massachusetts was founded on those twin splits and transitions: first, the Jewish heart-transplant inside his privileged old town and, second, the statewide breakup of the natural Irish hegemony into High Irish and Old Rascal factions, representing divisions of class and district and selves.

Christopher Lydon started covering politics for The Boston Globe *in 1964 during Michael Dukakis's first term in the Massachusetts legislature. He is co-anchor of "The Ten O'Clock News" on WGBH-TV, public television in Boston.*

**Dukakis: An American Odyssey.* Charles Kenney, Robert Turner. *Houghton Mifflin, $16.95.*

Dukakis and the Reform Impulse. Richard Gaines, Michael Segal. *Quinlin Press, $17.95.*

Dukakis's latest identity as "the son of Greek immigrants" may have been buried somewhere in his heart, but it didn't count much in Massachusetts where (despite the evidence of Paul Tsongas's term in the Senate and Nick Mavroules in the House) there is no base of Greek votes to stand on. Dukakis's real base was his success in coopting the alliterative styles of Brookline—progressive, prudent, process-minded, prosperous but parsimonious, and relentlessly participatory.

In statewide politics, Dukakis's subliminal slogan could have been, "He's smart, he's clean, and he's not Irish." Dukakis has enjoyed contentious if not contemptuous relations with the old-school, Irish names of note in Massachusetts, from Tip O'Neill to Boston's longtime mayor, Kevin White. They still talk a better game than he, but Dukakis's suburbanites and middle-class reformers had the last laugh in Democratic primaries, and they destroyed the Republicans while they were at it. The real reason Massachusetts has been a one-party state in modern times is precisely that Mike Dukakis reembodied the stern Brahmin tradition of moral advantage and politics as "service." He has been a League of Women Voters' dream come true, a walking, talking *Boston Globe* editorial. Who needed Republicans?

As these two thorough and useful biographies* document, the public history of Michael Dukakis has five thematic phases: the incredibly deep-root setting in Brookline; the emergence as a reform legislator in the 1960s; the good-faith flop in his first term as governor in the 1970s; the emotional

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and political makeover at Harvard's Kennedy School; and the comeback as governor in the booming Massachusetts of the 1980s. In the third volume at hand* Dukakis recounts his discovery of entrepreneurship and business economics, which happened in phase five of his career.

Herewith, from observation as well as from reading, a synopsis of the stages of Dukakis's development:

1. Brookline

There is probably no old suburb in America with better schools, more public tennis courts, fewer billboards, more Chinese restaurants, and as many Nobel prize winners. And no presidential candidate in memory has been more happily and exclusively wedded to a provincial community as Dukakis is to his. A product of Brookline schools, a pillar of Brookline town meetings, and a boss of the Democratic town committee, Dukakis is more "Brookline" than Lyndon Johnson was "Texas" or Jimmy Carter was "Plains."

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He grew up a doctor's son, tennis star, trumpet soloist, and student body president in a community of achievers that spoiled him, in a sense, but kept challenging him. In politics, after law school, the mission was not just to get himself elected (he was only the third Democrat Brookline had ever sent to the state legislature). More important was systematizing the reform of the Democratic ward and town organizations in Brookline and elsewhere around Boston. Expert at party rules, Dukakis was positively passionate about the procedural stuff of good government—things like congressional redistricting and highway land-taking reforms. His instinctive interest was in process as much as in end results; and he was marked early on as a Reformer, more than a Liberal. He was a buff on condo-conversion and rent-control rules, an absentee in the popular politics of Vietnam. His was not the gadfly style of reform; he was bent on ruling as surely as Richard Daley ever ruled Chicago. For almost 30 years now the rule of Brookline politics has been that you go along with Mike Dukakis or you get out.

2. Legislature

Dukakis arrived at the State House in 1963 with a thick sheaf of his own bills already written, and he spent the rest of the decade pounding away in the manner of ocean waves on the indifferent boulders of legislative leadership. Eventually he won major structural reforms that clarified *executive* authority in state government—liberating governors from held-over and frozen-in administrators, for example, and cutting the House membership by a third from 240 seats to 160. The hardest and best victory came in 1970 for no-fault auto insurance, restricting tort litigation over minor injuries. The day the first no-fault bill passed the Massachusetts House is remembered with feeling—something like the moment when "Havlicek stole the ball" for the Celtics. Dukakis had stood in the well of the House all day, fighting the bar associations and the House speaker, answering hundreds of inquiries and objections. At the end, every member stood and cheered Dukakis's mastery. The performance and the ovation have never been outdone. Old legislators, however, can't remember a *funny* moment in all their years with Mike Dukakis. A lot of them wonder how different things might have been if Barney Frank had

**Creating the Future: The Massachusetts Comeback and Its Promise for America.* Michael S. Dukakis, Rosabeth Moss Kanter. *Summit, $17.95.*

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entered the Massachusetts House alongside Mike Dukakis, instead of a decade later. If he'd had to compete against Barney Frank's passion and wit, would Dukakis's earnest brains have seemed quite so impressive?

3. Duke One

His first reign as governor, elected in 1974, was a fiscal and political bloodbath. The strangest part was that Dukakis loved the job he was doing. And till the day when Edward J. King clobbered him from the right (and Irish) side in the Democratic primary of 1978, Dukakis thought *everybody* loved the job he was doing. That first term looks now like a warm-up for a Democrat succeeding Ronald Reagan in 1989. In 1975 Dukakis fell heir to the runaway deficits and cooked books of the affable Republican Frank Sargent. In the pit of the worst recession since the 1930s, Dukakis found himself slashing hospital care for welfare families and, at the same time, breaking his no-new-taxes promise to save the state from insolvency. Dukakis offended everyone, listened to no one, lost contact with his legislature, and drew challenges against his own renomination from both the right and left fringes of his party. The mitigating details of that first term included some exemplary judicial appointments and an overhaul of court administration; major transit investments around Boston; and the rescue of rotting mill cities like Lowell and Pittsfield. But the details did not mitigate much: Lowell and Pittsfield both voted for Ed King. Dukakis was the last to learn of what his wife Kitty called his "public death."

4. Exile

Dukakis's co-author Rosabeth Kanter goes so far as to compare his interregnum as a growth period to Gandhi's maturation between South Africa and India. Political scientist Richard Neustadt has compared Dukakis's exile to FDR's polio, for character building. Dukakis's wilderness was the place where the two best brandnames in Massachusetts meet: the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard. Dukakis became both student and teacher of the "case method" of public policy management. He has been recruiting ever since from that business school of analytical, war-gamed, test-marketed politics. And his own moves have had the spontaneity and the deep personal resonance of, say, the New Coke campaign. Post knock-out Dukakis was not demonstrably humbler, or a better listener. (As long as anyone can remember he has used the line, "I hear you, I hear you" to wave people off.) But he did come back with his first professional handler in John Sasso—and with a new deference to convention. The New Dukakis lent his name to Buckle-Up-for-Safety promotions, and such things, and was prepared to distribute summer jobs in state parks through the Legislature. The Old Dukakis had insisted on a summer-jobs lottery.

5. Redivivus

By the time the New Dukakis turned the tables on Ed King in 1982 and took back the governor's office, the Prop 2½ tax revolt was a *fait accompli* by referendum; and the business recovery, which actually got started in Duke One, was well underway. What remained to fight about was the public credit for the Massachusetts Miracle, which is where *Creating the Future* comes in. The Dukakis-Kanter claim is that every little bit of Dukakis's industrial policy helped. They are all listed here: state pools of venture capital and development bonds; state sponsorship of photovoltaics, polymer plastics, and other emerging technologies; the support systems, including job training, day care, and transportation for welfare mothers in Dukakis's Employment and Training Choices (ET). There was his hands-on interest in the struggles of particular companies and his advocacy of run-down regions like New Bedford and Fall River in southeastern Massachusetts.

But how much did any or all of this account for the spectacular drop in Massachusetts unemployment—from 12.3 percent at the start of Dukakis's first term to 3.2 percent at the start of his third in 1987? Dukakis and Kanter are not eager to resolve some obvious questions: How has Dukakis's hand in the economy compared with the lift of the 59 percent increase in the Pentagon's investment in Massachusetts during the first half of the Reagan decade? What credit goes to the tax cuts that Dukakis at first opposed, like Prop 2½? What credit belongs to business-booster Ed King, who stripped the Taxachusetts label off the state? And how do we explain the even faster growth and still lower unemployment today in New Hampshire, so differently governed?

In short, Dukakis's long list of economic remedies is impressive in its way and expressive of his tenacious mind. But never does the reader, or Dukakis watcher, fancy he is cooking up a

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miracle. What he is cooking is alphabet soup—MIFA, JTPA, MAP, MTDC, CARD, BSSC, ET, etc. *ad absurdum*.

Of the two biographies it may be worth noting that Turner and Kenney (of *The Boston Globe*) are the smoother writers, and they interviewed Dukakis at length. Gaines and Segal (of the weekly Boston *Phoenix*) had no private access to Dukakis for this book; they diversified their sources and have kept a gritty documentary quality in their narrative.

The most impressive scoop in either book is the Turner and Kenney digging into the tragedy of Dukakis's older brother Stelian. As abundantly gifted as Michael, Stelian had more of his father's gentleness, as Michael had more of his mother's driving intellect. At least partly, it appears, under the pressure of Michael's fierce competition, Stelian collapsed in suicidal depression during college and never fully recovered. In 1973, at age 42, he was knocked off his bicycle and into a coma; four months later his family, including Michael, took him off life supports. "They were very close friends, but the sibling rivalry was something awful," said their mother, the remarkable Euterpe Dukakis.

I was reminded of all the tense, loving, often destructive brotherly contests that have shaped politicians—from Jacob and Esau to Jimmy and Billy Carter. And I am haunted by the question put to Turner and Kenney by Mike Dukakis's high school sweetheart Sandy Cohen Bakalar, who is still among his closest friends. "I think it must have been tough for Stelian," she said. "Would *you* want to have Michael Dukakis for a brother?" □

How the Democrats can beat voodoo economics.

The Case For Competition

by Paul A. London

The title of Alan Blinder's book, *Hard Heads, Soft Hearts: Tough-Minded Economics for a Just Society*, tells a lot about the author's dilemma as he tries to find a place for his views in the Democratic camp. A professor of economics at Princeton and a columnist for *BusinessWeek*, Blinder argues that a refurbished Keynesian economics—driving for low levels of unemployment, opposing protectionism, fighting subsidies and oligopolies—could give us a truly healthy economy, not the precarious prosperity we have now with enormous trade and budget deficits. In a book that bridges the academic and the popular, offering excellent footnotes *and* plenty of one-liners, he spares no one. Taking shots at monetarism (tight money) and supply-side (enormous tax cut) policies, he calls Reaganomics "the worst of both worlds—a soft head and a hard heart." He also criticizes the softhearted but mushy-headed policies of liberals who want to control markets through devices like protectionism or huge agricultural subsidies. Chiding many Democrats on rent control, Blinder recalls the maxim that "after bombing it's the second best way to destroy a city."

As an argument for Keynes and as a critique of recent American economic thought, this book succeeds. But Blinder does not overcome the political problem he sets up for himself—to show how a Keynesian policy that offends both the left and right could prevail. His nemesis is what he calls Murphy's Law of Economics, "a systematic tendency for good economics to make bad

Paul A. London is a Washington economist.

**Hard Heads, Soft Hearts: Tough-Minded Economics for a Just Society.* Alan S. Blinder. *Addison-Wesley, $17.95.*

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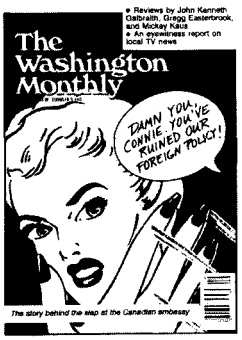

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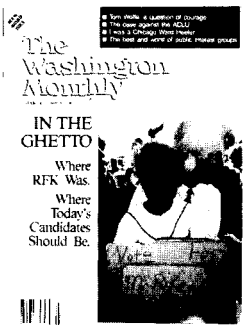

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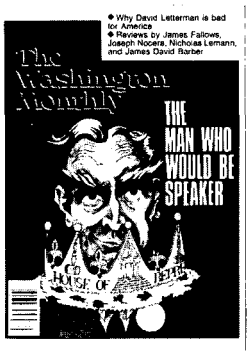

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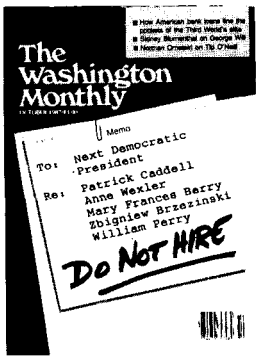

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politics and vice-versa." For Blinder, bad policies (like supply-side tax cuts and rent control) are popular; good policies (like cutting subsidies or eliminating tariffs) are unpopular. The question of how to sell Keynesianism confounds not only Blinder but any Democrat who takes on George Bush and the Republican party's economic line.

"Competition, competition"

It's important to remember that Keynesians have always had political problems, even though they helped shape the economic policies of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations and Nixon said that he was a Keynesian. That's because Keynesianism is a fundamentally radical idea that makes a lot of people uncomfortable. Its emphasis on liberal trade and open markets, for instance, upsets the AFL-CIO. And conservatives become apoplectic about Keynes; after Marx and Freud, he ranks as one of the leading figures of their demonology. With his *General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money*, John Maynard Keynes took a swipe at businessmen, declaring that consumers are the true engines of the economy. (In many European languages, the translation of businessmen is "job-givers." They were the suns of the economic universe.) Keynesianism is a jarring political rebalancing, and it has never gone down well. Businessmen found Keynes's reduction of the role of investors treasonous in the 1930s and only slightly less so 50 years later. It mattered little that FDR said that one of his jobs was "to prevent bankers and businessmen from committing suicide." Many of them never forgave him or Keynes for diminishing their role in the system. In 1981, David Stockman could still use "fear of Keynes" to cow politicians who opposed him. Pete Domenici, then chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, was so flustered by an editorial Stockman planted in *The Wall Street Journal*, entitled "John Maynard Domenici," that he stopped fighting supply-side tax cuts.

The conservative line on Keynesian economics was that it was inflationist, socialist, or worse. But conservatives didn't turn Keynes-bashing into a successful political formula until the 1970s. Then with consumer prices up 11.3 percent in 1979 and 13.5 percent in 1980, they finally were able to pin the "inflation" label on the Democrats and link Keynes to the charge. Supply-siders like Jude Wanniski and Arthur Laffer gained celebrity status and Milton Friedman's *Free to Choose* topped the bestseller lists. (Blinder ridicules them now for the twin deficits.)

But wasn't there something to the critique of Keynes? Wasn't Paul Volcker a hero for stemming inflation with a monetarist-inspired policy of tight money and high interest rates? If Blinder thinks tight money was so bad, how would he have controlled inflation?

Unfortunately, in both political and economic terms, it is not clear that Blinder has the answers. When Bush slams Democrats this fall for being the party that brought double-digit inflation, Blinder would have the party's nominee say that the inflation of the 1970s was due to the OPEC oil shocks and crop failures. He concedes that higher inflation would have resulted if Volcker had promoted lower interest rates, faster growth, and more employment. However, he argues that by holding rates too high for six years, the Fed not only caused hardship and increased the budget deficit, it made the huge trade deficit inevitable. Unlike Volcker, Blinder would have tolerated more inflation. (This puts Blinder on the same side as author and Fed critic William Greider.) Blinder's response to inflation is to go

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with the flow. His anti-inflation policy is indexing so that wages and spending rise right along with inflation.

But for someone so concerned about making economic policies politically salable, Blinder is naive. Can you imagine what will happen if Michael Dukakis stands up in a debate with George Bush and says that, well, yes, we should just index wages to match inflation? Blinder's indexing scheme would confirm the voters' worst fears that the Democrats are not serious about stopping inflation—and fill Republicans with joy.

Democrats need a better answer for controlling inflation than Volcker's slam-on-the-brakes policy or Blinder's indexing. A better way to stem inflation—and alay the fears of voters that the Democrats and their Keynesian ideas are responsible for inflation—would be a broadened and "populist" antitrust policy, demanding that U.S. firms price competitively.

Democrats often forget that such policies have proven popular *and* effective. "Competition, competition, competition" was Woodrow Wilson's way of controlling inflation. He pushed through the Clayton Antitrust Act and took on companies like International Harvester and American Sugar. He attacked the trusts as Truman, Kennedy, and Johnson did years later. An attack on oligopolistic pricing would be good politics now. Just look at how every Democratic candidate has taken shots at corporations. Competition in the airline industry has been a wonderful anti-inflation policy—saving consumers about $8 billion per year (in 1977 dollars), according to a Brookings report. To be sure, there have been problems: deregulating prices should not mean deregulating safety standards. But the worst problems of the airline industry can be blamed on a dearth of air traffic controllers and a Reaganite willingness to allow mergers to go unabated. The fundamental idea that deregulation stems inflation is sound. Where it has been applied in trucking, railroads, communications, and natural gas it has cut costs and lowered prices.

Proposals to fight inflation with competition may find a skeptical reception. Blinder and others argue that the inflation of the 1970s was fueled by food and oil shortages, forces that competition could not reach. But those arguments don't explain why inflation was worse in the U.S. than in Japan after 1977. It does not explain how Sweden has maintained its export markets, full employment, high living standards, and a more equitable income distribution than we have.

The reason is that Japanese industries, and in-

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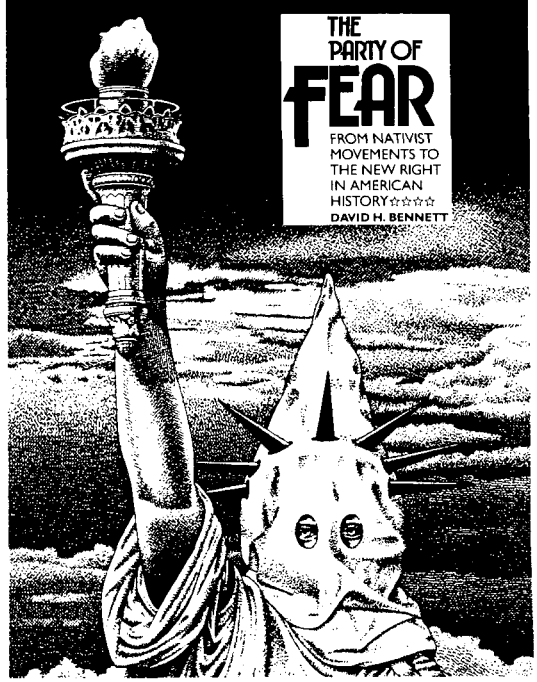

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deed industries in countries like Sweden and Germany, had to sell in world markets. To do so they had to keep prices and wages competitive no matter what OPEC and commodity prices did. But in the U.S., as we all know by now, companies and unions gave up on foreign markets and secured the help of their political friends to avoid the competitive imperative.

Look at the steel industry, which has been protected against foreign competition by various schemes since 1968. As a result steel prices rose 33 percent faster than prices for all industrial products, and wages rose 11 percent a year from 1970 to 1977. Data shows that other U.S. industries also short-sightedly raised prices in the 1970s, just when competition from Japan and other industries was increasing.

From March 1970 to March 1987, auto wages rose from 130 percent to 169 percent of the average U.S. wage; steel wages, from 125 percent to 162 percent. Workers who kept their jobs in the protected industries got richer while those who lost their jobs in industries with more competition—and less political clout—paid for it.

Democrats forgot their heritage. They lacked the insight to force the big oligopolistic industries to cut costs and keep searching for foreign customers, to keep trying to sell Chevys in Europe. For Democrats it was easier to pin all the blame on OPEC and for liberals it was especially inviting to blame the Vietnam war for inflation. They pretended that no special anti-inflation policy was needed. Conservatives were just as bad, if not worse. They did not want to tell management to tighten up and fight for markets. Their scapegoat for inflation was not only OPEC but the money supply and government "giveaways."

Would it be possible to sell a hardheaded and softhearted program of "competition, competition, competition?" After all Democratic politicians have a history of earning applause lines not with Keynesian themes of open markets but with populist themes. It's easier to attack Landlords, Big Business, Wall Street, and The Rich. There are no bad guys in Keynes.

Yes, I believe as Blinder does that Keynes can meet the "populist juices" test without losing its rationalist soul by making non-competitors the bad guys. Again, look back. The best part of New Deal economic policy was its commitment to low interest rates, a central tenet of Keynes. FDR knew that the performance of the Federal Reserve bank had been a disaster from 1929 until 1932, and he made political hay out of it. He stripped the Fed of real power when he took office in 1933, and told it to finance the government debt at rates between 0.5 and 1.75 percent. And by God, it did for 20 years and more in much-deserved obscurity. FDR also used the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to drive interest rates down and pump money to those who needed it. With easy money, banks reopened and the GNP grew an average of 8.3 percent a year and unemployment was cut from 24.9 to 9.9 percent from 1933 to 1941. From 1933 to 1941, the retail price index rose from 38.8 to 44.1, only about 1.7 percent a year. Did Democrats get the political credit? Ask President Landon. Obviously, interest rates can't be kept low just through government action. Fickle foreign investors play a major role in raising and lowering interest rates. But the government could keep them much lower if inflation disappeared.

Why did Democrats abandon the faith and accept tight money to control inflation in the 1970s? Why did Democrats take to the floor of Congress to laud Paul Volcker even though his policies were a betrayal of much of the Democratic tradition? In my view it was because they offered no other credible anti-inflation policy, and neither does Blinder. Again, his political solution—indexing—is weak. Bush will make this all too clear. Democrats have to be able to convince voters that they have a better policy than indexing, and history tells them where to look.

Fat cats

But what about the interest groups? How does a pro-competition Democrat get his policies past all those interest groups who like their cozy arrangements like shipping and sugar subsidies? To convince the reader (and perhaps himself) that Murphy's Law of bad economics making good politics can be overcome, Blinder points to the Tax Reform Act of 1986. It is an example of how the good guys finally won. The crucial lesson in that episode—and to remember generally—is that when interest groups are exposed they are weakened tremendously. Robert Packwood, who first opposed tax reform, became a convert after he got labeled "Senator Hackwood" for being a toady of "tax loophole" interests. Interest groups can't just reach out and grab power without convincing others of the justice of their cause. They win by claiming some higher principle (for the NRA, it's "freedom;" for retirees, it's "fairness"). This is true internationally, as well, whether it is opposition to *perestroika* in the

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Soviet Union or featherbedding of the Lavi fighter jet in Israel. Interest groups are strong when they "capture" arguments and appeal to higher principles. But when interest groups are exposed and fought they can be beat.

Carter and the Democrats were clobbered by the inflation issue in the 1970s because they didn't try to make that fight. They blamed OPEC, not American industries that did not fight for foreign markets. Democrats should fight back with Keynes. If we are to grow faster, as Blinder wants, economists, politicians, and the media have to ferret out and expose oligopolistic interests. It needs to be driven home that we all pay the price for oligopoly pricing, agricultural subsidies, Jones Act shipping restrictions, Davis-Bacon rules in public works contracts, and pension plans negotiated privately but paid for by the public. Keynesian market economics should be sold as what conservatives in their guts have always feared it really would be, an attack on economic "fat cats" and special interests who don't deserve the deference. Blinder moves the debate in the right direction. But it needs to go much further. □

If I Had A Hammer. . .

I'd make Tom Hayden stop issuing manifestos. (And stick to his gifts for action.)

by Taylor Branch

Young Tom Hayden was a smart brat who compensated for a lack of personal charm with the inventiveness of his early rebellions. He created a high school journal called *The Daily Smirker*, a parody of the communist *Daily Worker* in the spirit of *Mad* magazine. Now, some thirty years later, Hayden tells us* that his political consciousness was a "blank slate" at the time—which strains credulity a bit, at least for those of us who grew up unaware that *The Daily Worker* existed, let alone that it inspired parody—but Hayden is convincing in his basic point that his schoolboy politics were more hormonal and generational than ideological.

In a farewell editorial for his high school newspaper in 1957, Hayden buried an acrostic reading "Go To Hell." Gleeful boasting of this prank soon landed him on the carpet of the squarish school administrators from the Eisenhower years. The memoirist in Hayden recalls honestly that he could "only faintly explain what disturbed me," but the mellowed radical cannot resist adding a grandiose lament that he had not yet learned how to mobilize a picket line or a full-fledged boycott of graduation ceremonies. We are invited to believe that such a protest would have been a boon to mankind.

Hayden's roommate at the University of Michigan dressed exactly like James Dean in *Rebel Without a Cause*. Even now, Hayden's recitation of college oppressions is suffused with petty distemper—"cafeteria food was proc-

Taylor Branch is a contributing editor of The Washington Monthly. *His next book,* Parting the Waters: America in the King Years 1954-1963, *will be published by Simon and Shuster in the fall.*

**Reunion: A Memoir.* Tom Hayden. *Random House, $19.95.*

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essed. . . housing was hard to find. . . parking was scarce. . . we were unwanted orphans. . . ." Still, restlessness and unformed dissatisfaction made him an enterprising reporter at the Michigan *Daily*. His work brought much adventure and high honors, including the editorship, but Hayden knew the rewards were grudgingly bestowed. As an ambitious, personally dissatisfied editor, he projected his discontents outward from the Ann Arbor campus just as the student sit-in movement spread across the South.

His timing was perfect: the new movement gave the rebel a moral cause. Hayden knew it. He also knew how unprecedented it was to have such a political force created by students, his peers. His instincts took him unerringly to the edge of history that most people saw only in hindsight. Once there, he reacted almost unfailingly with diplomacy and courage. What's more, his understated, nonrhetorical account of that era is the second-most satisfying section of this memoir. From my own recent work on civil rights history, I find Hayden's personal narrative to be modest, his notorious ego authentically swallowed by larger events. Many kinds of people resent Hayden for various conflicting reasons, whether as a twit or a subversive or a sell-out, but honest ones should admire his performance here and wish they had done something similar.

Manifesto madness

During the late summer of 1961, white Mississippians responded brutally to the first, tentative attempts by students to register black voters in rural counties. Legitimate authorities behaved nearly as savagely as the Klan. A state representative executed a local farmer with a pistol in broad daylight at a crowded cotton gin; a black witness who was brave or foolhardy enough to call it murder was himself shotgunned to death. These and many other crimes failed to attract outside notice at the time, but within the private world of the young civil rights movement they sounded a general alarm, shattering the remaining illusions. Hayden, only a few months out of college, went straight to Mississippi. His description of the fear there is aptly spare:

"For the first time in my life, I heard people threatening openly and loudly to kill someone on the spot. [SNCC Chairman Charles] McDew flipped them the finger, as if they were just another morning nuisance, and walked safely into the church.

"I couldn't get used to the fear growing in me. . . . I didn't know how to cope with the raving psychopaths only a few feet away from me. Give them the finger too and swagger into the church? Chuckle and pretend to agree with them? Show them my press card and ask for an interview?"

Hayden tried the innocent reporter approach but was beaten and arrested anyway. No sooner did he recover from the shock of it when he volunteered as an activist/pamphleteer for the Freedom Ride into rural southwest Georgia. Against a thousand inhibitions and fears, Hayden soon landed in the Albany jail. His was among the catalytic arrests that brought Martin Luther King to the same jail a week later. It was a watershed for King—his first large-scale campaign of civil disobedience. At that early stage, Hayden was one of only two white people in America jailed for making bodily witness against racial terror in both Mississippi and Albany.

Then Hayden's mind intervened. Not for the last time, some inner urge compelled him to produce a manifesto. From his cell he dispatched letters inviting activist white students to form a counterpart movement in the North. This led to *The Port Huron Statement* and the founding of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) in 1962. Hayden switched abruptly from a movement of songs and jailgoing to a six-month debate over a blueprint for the overhaul of the world. Unfortunately, the tone of Hayden's book shifts in the same way, so that the awed discoverer gives way to the junior Founding Father. His language stiffens under the howling winds of intellectual purpose. Quotes from Camus and C. Wright Mills roll forth. The document introduced a lasting scourge of postwar political language—apocalyptic vagueness—to which the memoir adds Hayden's unique blend of pompous infighting. "While Dick Flacks came to write about Port Huron for a small left-wing weekly, most of us came self-confidently to found a movement," he recalls. "Steve Max came to propose another political line; we came to declare a crossroads in history. . . . A sense of radical history, a focus on values, and a desire for relevance, taken together, could enrich and reinforce the strength of our common understanding."

In this voice, Hayden subjects his readers to a complete ontology and exegesis of *The Port Huron Statement*. As to this proud moment, the intervening quarter-century has allowed him precious little perspective. He seems blind to critical distinctions. Whereas the students of the Southern movement were seizing leadership by

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assuming new risks and sacrifices that their elders denied or refused, the Northern students tried to leapfrog from college to power on the strength of superior brainpower. To recommend themselves, they extolled the manifesto's central theme of "participatory democracy" as a leap forward, as though Jefferson and the Greeks had something different in mind. This is an empty concept. Whatever the numerous faults in practice, nonparticipation has never been part of the democratic ideal itself. Two years after the shocking inspiration of the sit-ins, this specious idea allowed students who remained on campus to imitate the novelty of the Southern students. By manifesto, they "covered" the civil rights movement just as Ricky Nelson covered songs by Little Richard. By way of advertisement, Hayden took *The Port Huron Statement* directly to Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. in the Kennedy White House, where sit-inners and Freedom Riders were not yet welcome.

From Huron to Hanoi

A certain allowance must be made for intellectual intoxication and exaggeration. Hayden and his colleagues were very young (Hayden was 22 in 1961), and history offers few instances in which young people were so right and their elders so wrong. (For a contemporary echo of this gap, one need only glance at Ronald Reagan's contemporary statements on the 1964 Civil Rights Act as opposed to Hayden's.) Still, making that allowance, the memoir is difficult to swallow for 50 pages, once Hayden is loosed in the pontificatory mode. He more or less declares that SDS shaped the sixties decade by being the "agency of change" and catalyst of the movement against the Vietnam war. This claim he leaves almost entirely undocumented. While it is true that SDS leaders were conspicuous in the early Vietnam protests, the antiwar movement included a host of students who never heard of SDS or thought it sectarian from the beginning—not to mention "don't-send-me" types and nonstudents of many kinds. As an organization, SDS became nationally prominent only during its self-destruction, by which time no "participatory democracy" was evident in the spasms, and the war went on another five years.

Hayden himself spent the transition period between civil rights and Vietnam in Newark, New Jersey, as a community organizer. Again his instincts put him ahead of the times. He transplanted the spartan life of the Mississippi registration workers to Newark before the country discovered the ghetto and urban decay. Quite apart from politics or results, his experience in Newark from 1964 to 1967 offers an opportunity for captivating autobiography. Picture yourself, even today, as a white person who decides for whatever reason to begin knocking on doors in any black central city, offering little more than your ideas for reform, living in a tenement on a mission to adopt and be adopted by a separate culture. Most reformers devise more convenient tests of their ideas, and Hayden deserves credit for his temerity, perseverance, and conviction. However, this account of that pioneer adventure is hybrid in style, with the narrative appeal spoiled by Port Huron's disease. Hayden buries the story under so much cant and self-conscious analysis ("Thus, the first step was in transferring blame from oneself to institutions.") that I found myself slipping toward the attitude of the Eisenhower-era school administrators. I begrudged him his honors and very nearly forgot my admiration for his sojourn in the Albany jail.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, the more vivid Hayden returns. He was part of the first American group to experience the war reality of Hanoi after the North Vietnamese government invited him to visit in December, 1965. That was very early in the war—so early that the hawkish press was not yet aroused to call him a traitor. Once again, Hayden's anticipation made him a political astronaut. He ventured into the forbidden zone, and the profound, disturbing wonder of it silenced his analytical pretensions. His descriptions of Vietnam are absorbing and personal. As intensely as he disapproved of U.S. war policy, he felt wholly "American" as he talked with Vietnamese soldiers, prisoners, and children in sewer-like bomb shelters. It was a surreal journey behind enemy lines, risking death from American bombers even as he negotiated the release of American prisoners. This trip, more than his prior exploits in SDS, sealed Hayden's estrangement from his own family. Shame drove his mother to hide from her neighbors in a motel, and his father, a lifelong accountant at Chrysler, refused to speak with him for a decade. Hayden recalls the crazy, multilayered emotions of the war with remarkable balance.

Again, his first reactions under pressure revealed Hayden's intuitive gift for politics. It took more than one trip to Indochina, but he mediated the release of the first three American POWs in 1967. Skeptics might disparage the feat as a grandstand move or propaganda ploy, but Hay-

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den's account disarms such suspicion. It reads like a spy novel. Amidst cross-cutting suspicions of every kind—of the Pentagon that the POWs would be brainwashed defectors, of the disoriented POWs that Hayden was a communist assassin, of antiwar activists that Hayden was a tool of the Johnson administration—Hayden maintained his own principles while dealing effectively with antagonists from every extreme of ideology and delusion. He functioned deftly as a politician and diplomat.

To do so, he respected his opponents enough to learn from them and to try to win them over. For a time, at least, Hayden recognized that it was not intuitively obvious to most Americans why the freedom being fought for in Vietnam was different from freedom in Mississippi, any more than it was obvious to most learned Jesuits of the 16th century why true religion did not justify the torture of the Inquisition. During pleasant teas between air strikes, Hayden puzzled over the Vietnamese citizens who, though maimed or widowed by American ordnance, evinced a friendly curiosity about the U.S. "Why don't you hate us?" he wondered. When he summoned the courage to ask directly about the source of such cheerful discipline, a Vietnamese replied, "When you fight Muhammed Ali, you must concentrate on him, not hope he gets an upset stomach."

Half-hearted apologies

Hayden promply ignored these lessons during the disintegration of the New Left in 1967-70, which lapped just behind a parallel disintegration in civil rights. To maintain his leadership, he followed the youth culture through its love-ins, its pseudo-revolutions, and its antipolitical guerrilla theater of deliberately alienating the pigs. He was there with Mark Rudd at the battle of Columbia, with the hippies battling the cops at People's Park, and with the assorted Yippie and Panther defendants at the Chicago conspiracy show trial. He formed his own California commune, the Red Family, from which he was expelled for various chauvinisms and political defects. Although he knew the Maoist Weathermen had gone daffy into anarchist violence, he could not resist giving them a sendoff speech for their "Days of Rage" rampage of vandalism through Chicago. As a nice finishing touch for the slide into decadence, he posed afterward for celebrity photographer Richard Avedon.

In his memoir, Hayden apologizes at least four times for the indulgent nihilism of the latter days. Admitting to a seductive ego, he remembers that he was afraid of being called a coward if he declined any rampart thrown up to his left. These are only glancing confessions, however, which is probably why Hayden feels obliged to repeat them. Generally speaking, his version of the Chicago conspiracy trial and other flashpoints of the radical 1960s is more of a rerun than a reappraisal. He blames the war for ruining the movement, dwells on the grisly provocations, and hints at private enmities among the yahoo crusaders. Otherwise he basks in lengthy flashbacks to moments of wild, tainted glory.

These apologies don't go far enough. Hayden tries to have it both ways—having pressed his claim to leadership in the adult world, he accords himself the lenience due a beginner. He, more than anyone, should know that the youth movement bears responsibility for its political legacy. Those who led or tolerated the brazenly antipolitical exhibitions of the Yippie-Zippie-Panther period might well have lengthened rather than shortened the war by feeding Nixon's middle-American Thermidor. On into the Reagan years and beyond, those impolitic excesses will discredit the remarkable, democratic courage of young people in the 1960s. They may have hastened the return of an atmosphere in which most Americans find it difficult to imagine a positive contribution from the young.

Time has allowed Hayden to recover personally. The *Reunion* of his title refers to reconciliations with his parents, and to the slow return of his appreciation for the natural cycles of life, such as children. He treats this well. He also writes sensitively of his relations with his in-laws, Henry and Shirlee Fonda. (But don't buy the book for the "good parts" about the romance with Jane, which began in 1972; he writes cautiously and awkwardly of her.)

Almost inevitably, the book introduces a less graceful phase with the story of Hayden's entry into electoral politics. In announcing his unsuccessful 1976 candidacy for the U.S. Senate, he disgorged a 278-page manifesto. His quoted pronouncements are both stilted and foamy. I sympathize with Hayden, as my own political expressions tend to be overblown. He should acknowledge the flaw and seek out a trusted, steely editor. In the meantime, since election to the California legislature in 1978, he has found a trade suitable to his lifelong rhetorical faults. My guess is that Hayden is a conscientious and skillful legislator—quick, imaginative, and best on his feet, before he has a chance to swell up in thought. □

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The democratic vision of the WPA posters.

Art For Our Sake

by Robert S. McElvaine

In the final months of the Reagan era it is refreshing to be reminded of a time when the public interest was taken seriously. The common suffering of the Great Depression brought the nation together as nothing else short of war has ever done. Plainly, neither Franklin Roosevelt nor his lieutenants knew where they were going, but they were willing to try anything that might advance the common good.

When the experimentation of the early New Deal failed to reduce unemployment, necessity dictated that something dramatic be done before Roosevelt faced the voters again in 1936. The creation in 1935 of a massive work relief program, the Works Progress Administration, met the president's political needs and the social, economic, and psychological needs of the jobless.

One of the goals of WPA administrator Harry Hopkins was to give people jobs appropriate to their skills, talents, and experience. The most controversial idea was to create projects for artists. Using taxpayers' money to pay people to paint, act, write, play music, or dance seemed, to many conservatives, the ultimate boondoggle. What was worse, many projects began turning out socially conscious art. The government, it seemed, was using the tax money of the well-to-do to spread propaganda against these same successful Americans. Roosevelt, of course, was fully supportive of the free enterprise system but saw the task of bringing high culture to the public as a worthy mission.

In recent years interest in the cultural programs of the WPA has soared. But one fascinating division of the WPA Federal Art Projects has remained shrouded in obscurity. The Poster Division produced some two million posters for government agencies. When the project was scrapped during World War II, so were most of the posters. But small caches survived, and about two thousand posters still exist*. Approximately

Robert S. McElvaine is a professor of history at Millsaps College.

**Posters of the WPA.* Christopher DeNoon, ed. *The Wheatley Press* in association with *University of Washington Press, $39.95.*

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three hundred of them have been beautifully reproduced in a book edited by Christopher DeNoon. They are, as DeNoon says, "a significant part of our national art heritage....They deserve to be seen again."

American stuff

The posters deal with a whole range of New Deal social concerns: public health, Indian culture, education, wildlife conservation, public housing, and many others. Underlying both the posters and the New Deal approach is the idea of responsibility. For instance, posters address previously taboo subjects such as venereal disease. One poster done by Foster Humfreville and Alex Kallenberg for the New York City Corrections Department warns that "shame may be fatal." Although several other WPA posters do not blanch at the word *syphilis*, this one is circumspect: "If you fear you have contracted a disease don't let false shame destroy health and happiness. Consult a reputable physician." The design is considerably more daring, showing a phallus-shaped human figure with his hands covering his face.

Posters depicting ethnic minorities show a genuine democratic understanding. To treat American Indian art with respect, as does a series of eight posters designed for the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition, was to move toward a more egalitarian cultural order. Another poster that merits specific attention is Cleo Sara's illustration advertising the Illinois Writers Project book, *Cavalcade of the American Negro*. It shows a black man holding a broken chain in an upraised fist, foreshadowing an image that would become commonplace three decades later. Equally unusual: more than two-fifths of the artists were women.

The WPA's democratic vision can also be seen in posters that depict manual labor as a dignified pursuit. One poster by Albert M. Bender in Chicago shows a happy woman wiping a dish; another, designed for the Civilian Conservation Corps, features a strong and smiling man wielding a hoe. That same democratic vision is evident in the posters executed for the U.S. Travel Bureau, which urges Americans not simply to "See America" but to resee and rethink America, to

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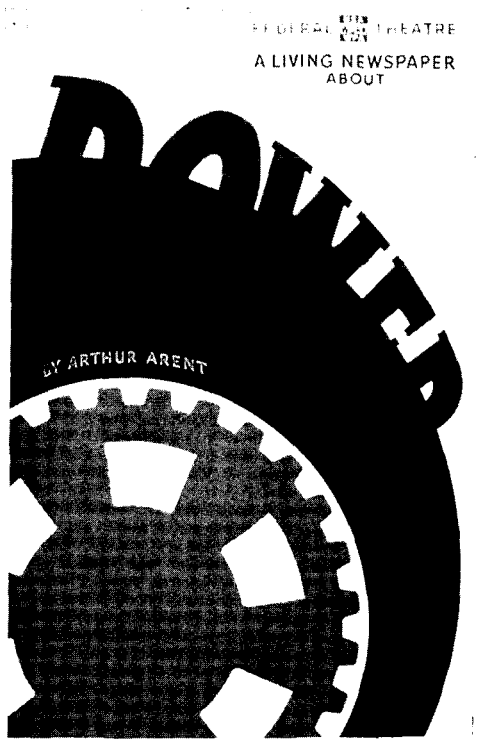

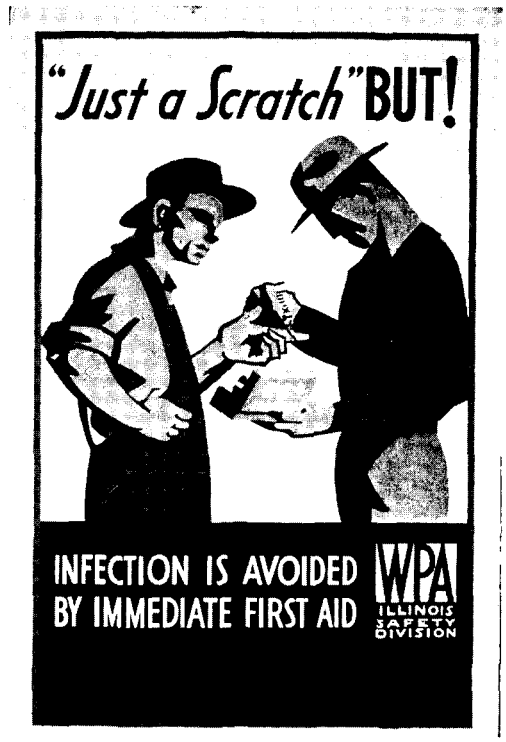

take pride in its varied ethnic and racial cultures. They show Americans in clothing that ranges from colonial shoe buckles to feathered Indian headdresses, living in dwellings as diverse as adobe mud and Manhattan tower. Like the Federal Writers Project's fascination with "American Stuff," these travel posters amounted not to a virulent strain of nationalism but to a celebration of a diverse and democratic people.

While the Poster Division was certainly innovative, it was never the hotbed of communism that Rep. Martin Dies's congressional committee insisted most WPA arts projects were. Communists were not excluded, but they were not dominant. Often enough, to be sure, the posters were socially conscious, but this was, after all, the Depression era. There was, in fact, considerable controversy in the division between those who believed that art must serve a socially significant cause and those who championed art for art's sake.

The importance of the posters was artistic as well as political. The Poster Division artists took up the modernist influences emanating from Europe and infused them with the two major thrusts of American art in the thirties—social consciousness and "American Scene" regionalism and agrarianism. The result contained elements of surrealism, naturalism, cubism, collage, and other trends of modern art. The posters provided the bridge by which many forms of modern art became acceptable to the American public after World War II.

Despite fears that government patronage might stifle creativity, the opposite seems more nearly to have been the case throughout the WPA arts projects. Art is usually a solitary undertaking, but the Poster Division encouraged joint ventures that were in many instances notable successes, like the Humfreville-Kallenberg collaboration that produced the syphilis poster. It appears that creativity was actually enhanced by federal sponsorship.

One reason was the experimental nature of the New Deal government itself. Another was the creativity of Richard Floethe, the administrator of the Poster Division in New York. He demanded quality but provided the widest possible latitude for expression. Perhaps the most important reason for innovation was that government sponsorship lifted commercial constraints. There was no need to worry about whether a highly unusual design might hurt sales.

Posters of the WPA is not without flaws. It is, for instance, not always reliable on dates and other small points of history. But this amounts to only a minor drawback in a volume that deserves wide exposure. □

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POLITICAL BOOKNOTES

The Yellow Wind. David Grossman. *Farrar, Straus, Giroux, $17.95.* It is a measure of the gulf separating Palestinians and Israelis that David Grossman's mission in *The Yellow Wind* seems so extraordinary. Grossman, an Israeli journalist and novelist, set off last year on a seven-week tour of the towns, villages, and refugee camps of the occupied West Bank. Almost all the places he visited lie within an hour's drive of his home in Jerusalem. Yet during 20 years of Israeli occupation, Grossman, like the vast majority of his countrymen, had rarely ventured into his neighbor's communities, except in an Army uniform. "I began to think of that kidney-shaped expanse of land, the West Bank, as an organ transplanted into my body against my wishes," he writes of the period before his journey. "I wanted to go to the places that haunted me most."

Everywhere, Grossman records the toll of the past 20 years on both occupier and occupied. In Jerusalem, soldiers tell of a hate-filled colleague biting off pieces of Arab prisoners' ears. In a Palestinian classroom, a tiny boy aims a plastic stick at a Jewish visitor and shoots; his teachers watch proudly. "We are against Arafat," one of the teachers says, "because Arafat wants peace. We want a solution by force."

For anyone who has visited the West Bank during the current uprising, Grossman's grim portrait is both credible and depressingly familiar. Seeing is believing: that Israelis do hit old women with truncheons; that gun-toting settlers do threaten and kill their Arab neighbors; that the homes of the accused may be bulldozed with 15 minutes' warning.

As an Israeli, Grossman is constantly forced to match what he sees against his own life long fears and stereotypes. When a Palestinian woman tells of her longing for a village the Israelis seized in 1948, Grossman discovers "with some bafflement, I admit, that she reminds me of my grandmother and her stories of Poland, from which she was expelled." At another point, when a woman describes how, as a child, Israeli soldiers blindfolded her father and shot him 30 times, Grossman reexamines Jews' vision of themselves as "cleanhanded types." "I pondered then about how much one must be suspicious of people who testify about themselves morning and night that they are merciful."

Unfortunately, Grossman's book, originally printed in a Hebrew newsweekly, is aimed at an Israeli audience and assumes a good deal of knowledge about the occupation. Grossman is also, at times, too much the man of letters, injecting gratuitous references to Orwell and other literary figures. Nonetheless, the 34-year-old writer remains an endearing guide. A self-described "nebbish," he avoids the pompous pontifications that ring so loudly around this issue. To his credit, Grossman also finds room in his narrative for the occasional glimpse of humanity, such as the state censor who writes an admiring note to the Palestinian author whose work he has banned. And in the end, the author pleads with his countrymen to confront the occupation as "a personal crossroads demanding action and thought. Sometimes you can gain in this way—for a split second—real mountain air."

—*Tony Horwitz*

To Raise an Army: The Draft Comes to Modern America. John Whiteclay Chambers II. *Free Press, $24.95.* Military history occupies a bottom rung in the academic prestige ladder. The low regard in which most professors hold military people probably has something to do with this. Still, it boggles the mind that until now there has been no full-scale history of conscription in America. Fortunately, John Whiteclay Chambers II has given us a superb history of the draft and more.

He addresses the question of how conscription came into being in a country that traditionally values individual liberty. The short answer is that from the beginning the United States has embraced two kinds of armies—large, volunteer, citizen-armies in times of war and small professional forces in times of peace. Chambers takes us quickly through the colonial period, the War of Independence, and the first half of the nineteenth century. A watershed was crossed with the introduction of the first national draft during the Civil War when the supremacy of the federal government over the states in raising armies was settled forever. The denouement of *To Raise an Army* is the establishment of the modern draft in World War I, pushed by industrialists, financiers, corporation lawyers, and university presidents, particularly from the eastern seaboard. In contrast to today, the South (along with the Midwest) was the region most resistant to military conscription. Most of the conscriptionists were actually advocates of universal military training, a plan whereby all young men would receive basic training followed by an extended term in the reserves.

Learning from the Civil War experience, the World War I draft did not allow conscripts to purchase substitutes. A system came into being that blended some 4,500 local draft boards with a centralized Selective Service in Washington. On June 5, 1917, one of the most remarkable days in American history, ten million young men were registered. The awesome demonstration of bureaucratic efficiency contributed in no small way, Chambers argues, to today's keeping of birth and life records and other kinds of demographic statistics.

The World War I draft, with its mixture of localism and nationalism set the pattern for the future. What Chambers doesn't stress enough is that local draft boards have been staffed by volunteers, a unique example of how the federal government can perform a gigantic task without a large, paid bureaucracy. We should not forget that the peacetime draft of the mid-1950s to early 1960s was widely accepted precisely because it was deemed fair. All this changed dur

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ing the Vietnam war with the upper-middle class and rich largely avoiding military service. Chambers sees the end of the draft in 1973 and the move toward a volunteer format as a return to the more usual peacetime pattern of manning our military. The difference is that we have never had a peacetime force based on volunteers approaching the size of the one we have today. At the same time the national elite no longer sees military service as a civic obligation. We seem to have returned to a system of purchase substitutes in all but name.

Chambers notes that America has yet to come up with a durable system of raising military manpower. One possibility is some form of national service whereby all men (and perhaps women) would be required to perform military or civilian duty for the government. Chambers sees only the possibility of mandatory service, but the greater likelihood is some form of large-scale but voluntary service covering both citizen soldiers and civilian servers.

If the draft did come back, it would almost surely allow for a range of civilian options in a manner much broader than past experience. With the Supreme Court expanding the definition of conscience to include secular motives and with the standby draft system allowing great latitude in alternative service for conscientious objectors, we will back into a national service program without ever having quite legislated one.

—*Charles C. Moskos*

Fighting Faiths: The Abrams Case, the Supreme Court and Free Speech. Richard Polenberg. *Viking, $24.95.* This book is a study of how ideologies can collide—tragically, at times—to yield guiding principles for society. The book's title is taken from a line in Oliver Wendell Holmes's famous dissent in the 1919 case. Holmes's groundbreaking argument was that the law shouldn't suppress arguments, pamphleteering, or any other forms of speech exchanged between "fighting faiths."

The faiths lined up as follows: the U.S. had joined the fight against the Axis powers; the Russians had allied themselves with Germany; the six anarchists were protesting the deployment of U.S. troops in the new Soviet Union; the U.S. Congress had passed the Sedition Act, restricting opposition by word or deed to the war effort.

On August 22, 1918, the anarchists (average age: mid-20s; religion: Jewish; citizenship: none) floated leaflets off the roof of an East Side building. In English and Yiddish, they rallied workers to oppose President Wilson's deployment of 7,500 troops against the Bolshevik regime. "Workers, our reply to the barbaric intervention has to be a general strike!" read one of the leaflets. The group was arrested by New York's bomb squad, convicted, and given sentences ranging up to 20 years. Four were eventually released to Russia where they found no more justice than they had received here.

By a 7-2 vote, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld their convictions, with Holmes and Justice Louis Brandeis dissenting. Holmes's dissent was stunning. Earlier he had written the majority opinions that affirmed three similar cases, offering in one of them his analogy of shouting "fire!" in a crowded theater. Speech that caused a "clear and present danger," he ruled, could be suppressed by the authorities. In Abrams, he revised the line by substituting "imminent" for "present." This seeming bit of legal esoterica had profound consequences for American constitutional freedom. It distinguished between dangers that were merely "present" and those that were immediate and likely, or "imminent." A half-century later, the majority adopted this reasoning in expanding the free speech protections accorded Klansmen, Nazis, and others who advocated breaking the law.

Polenberg uses the correspondence between Holmes and his intellectual pen pals to explore how he arrived at this historic, almost

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mysterious, shift of thinking. Holmes consulted with scholars such as Ernst Freund, Zechariah Chafee and Harold Laski. After a chance meeting on a train, Holmes and federal Judge Learned Hand began a fruitful correspondence. Hand thoughtfully criticized Holmes's decisions in the early free speech cases. Holmes heard him out.

Holmes's giant intellect led him in other directions as well—reading Locke, perusing Civil War history, even sitting with a book of Goya's paintings. He was not persuaded by one single argument for more tolerance of speech, but his dedication to inquiry "made Holmes more sensitive to the importance of experimentation and to the need to treat dissenters mercifully. . . ."

When the opinion was issued on November 10, 1919, Holmes wrote in dissent that since "time has upset many fighting faiths. . .the ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas. . . ." After thoroughly tracing the origins of these thoughts, Polenberg fails to examine adequately their meaning or future impact. But his sensitive treatment of the human casualties behind these legal battles makes *Fighting Faiths* not only good history but high constitutional drama.

—Jonathan Rosenblum

Born Guilty: Children of Nazi Families. Peter Sichrovsky. *Basic Books, $17.95.* In Woody Allen's *Hannah and Her Sisters*, a depressed artist complains that historians studying the Holocaust waste their time dwelling on the question, "How could it possibly happen?" "Given what people are," the artist says, historians should ask, "'Why doesn't it happen more often?'"

This question looms throughout *Born Guilty*, a collection of interviews with 14 Austrians and Germans whose fathers were accused of Nazi war crimes. Peter Sichrovsky, an Austrian journalist, found that almost every child believed the same horrific events could reoccur. That Sichrovsky is a Jew seems to have induced in his subjects a confessional tone. Several of the men and women said they had never before discussed their fathers' deeds with anyone—including their parents. One son has recurring nightmares of being gassed to death. His resentment is so strong that on the night after his father's funeral he urinates on his grave. A woman discusses how fascism ruled her home, with her father doling out ritual beatings and naming her "Sybille" so that her initials would be "S.S." Another man, the son of an S.S. doctor, now belongs to a rightwing political group in Germany. "Would I have acted the same way? I think so," the man says. "People can't live without symbols and leaders."

The most powerful chapter is the transcript of a telephone interview between Sichrovsky and the son of a Treblinka guard:

"What did he tell you?"

"He wasn't in the gas chambers."

"Where was he?"

"In the office."

"And that's where he guarded the Jews?"

"Don't be so aggressive."

"Are you surprised?"

"What do I have to do with it?"

"Not much, except that maybe your father killed my grandmother."

The conversation takes an unexpected turn midway, when the Nazi's son accuses Sichrovsky of playing games with guilt. Sichrovsky is "desperate, like a dog who barks and nobody hears him," the son says. But at the end of the conversation, having taken turns playing victor and victim, accuser and accused, the two men reach a weird but cathartic understanding and wish each other luck in life.

As odd as it sounds, there is integrity in this conversation. After all, this moment of truth is what Sichrovsky is trying to achieve for all of Germany. By forcing the children to acknowledge the sins of their fathers, Sichrovsky hopes they will never repeat them.

—Michael Willrich

How many undeserved radar tickets were issued last year?

a) 1,012,317
b) 649,119
c) 0
d) No one knows

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I.F. Stone, A Portrait. Andrew Patner. *Pantheon, $15.95.* This book starts out as a big disappointment because it looks like it's going to be a biography of I.F. Stone. The title isn't enough to warn you that about all you've got here are some tape-recorded conversations with Izzy. "People will call damn near anything a book," grumps I, making ready to slash this Patner pup to ribbons. But as one reads along, the charm of Stone's conversation steals into the heart. I need to confess up front that I.F. Stone is one of my greatest heroes. So if you want objectivity, call the Associated Press.

While many journalists and leftists profess to admire Stone, very few of us are willing to heed his injunctions about remaining an outsider. Stone on the Washington press corps: "You can sit on your rear end in the Press Club and write from press releases. You can be a pet and a sucker for the Establishment. . . . But you *cannot get intimate* with officials and maintain your independence. No matter whether they are good guys or bad guys." Many of us agree in principle but still yearn for recognition and acceptance. Stone was never in much danger of sitting around the Press Club. They threw him out in 1941 for bringing a black judge to lunch there. "They took me back in 1981, 40 years after they let me out," Stone says. "The town was filled with such cowards then."

In a lifetime of asking questions, easily the one Stone has asked most is, "Have you read. . .?" Stone reads widely in French, Hebrew, German, Greek, Latin, Yiddish, and, apparently, some Japanese. At random from the Patner book, "Have you read. . . Ernst Cassirer's *The Apology of Socrates* (It is beautiful! He's a great artist.); *Memoirs of a Revolutionary* by Victor Serge (He's one of the greatest moral figures of the age.); *Elf Jahren in Sovietische Gefangniss* (A terrific book, it's an expose—boy!)."

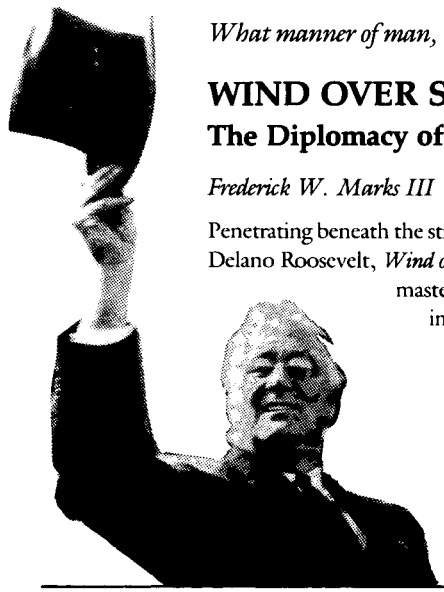
To Stone the tragedy is not just that young people are bone-ignorant and dangerous but that *they're going to miss out on all this fabulous stuff.* Stone's reading has made him a better, not to mention more readable, journalist. As the country became embroiled in Vietnam—an involvement that stemmed in large part from the ignorance of the American government—Stone was able to read French sources on Indochina. He used Jean Lacouture, Bernard Fall, and others as background for his own reporting years before campus "teach-ins" made the names familiar here. He once described a dream book on the State Department as "a combination of Pearson and Allen of the old 'Washington Merry-Go-Round' for the inside dope; Marx for class forces; Weber for institutional forces; Henry James for social nuances and subtleties."

Politically, Stone is an independent, pragmatic leftist. In the 1930s he was part of Popular Front politics and is still proud of it. He dislikes ideologues and is above all a reporter who argues from evidence, not from theory. His work on the Rosenberg case has been cited by, among others, Ronald Radosh, a darling of the Right. Stone has never minded pissing off the Left.

The man's joys are not all intellectual—he loves ballroom dancing, ships, the ocean, sunrise, sunset, and Lord knows what all else. He loved being a movie star when Jerry Bruck's 1974 documentary, *I.F. Stone's Weekly*, was the hit of Cannes. On finally quitting the *Weekly* to write longer pieces and books, Stone said, "I feel as though I've been practicing my scales all these years and now I'm going to get to play my music!"

The beauty of what Stone did by himself all those years was that he was free. As he wrote when he finally closed the *Weekly*, "To give a little comfort to the oppressed, to write the truth exactly as I saw it, to make no compromises other than those imposed by my own inadequacies, to be free to follow no master other than my own idealized image of what a true newspaperman should be, and still be able to make a living for my family—what more could a man ask?"

—*Molly Ivins*



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